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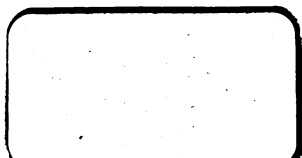
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THE

THIRD PRIMARY READER;

CONSISTING OF

EXTRACTS IN PROSE AND VERSE.

WITH

EXERCISES IN ENUNCIATION.

FOR THE USE OF

THE HIGHEST CLASSES IN PRIMARY SCHOOLS.

BOSTON:
BREWER AND TILESTON.

1887

Edw T 758.69.434

HARVARD

GEORGE A. BROWN

JAN.

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PREFACE.

THIS book is designed as an introduction to my Fourth Class Reader, and to be used by the highest classes in Primary or Intermediate Schools. It has been chiefly prepared by a gentleman long engaged in teaching, and of much practical experience in all that relates to education, but under my direct and careful supervision. It contains lessons in enunciation, with brief directions to teachers, and selections in verse and prose for reading lessons. Many of the selections are illustrated by original sketches, designed by Mr. Hammatt Billings, and engraved by Mr. John Andrew. The spirit and grace of these illustrations will be recognized by all; and they cannot fail to make the book more attractive to those for whose use it is designed.

G. S. HILLARD.

Boston, *May*, 1858.

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THE

THIRD PRIMARY READER.


PART I.

EXERCISES IN ENUNCIATION.

REMARKS TO TEACHERS.—All that articulate language and tones can effect to influence the understanding is dependent upon the voice addressed to the ear. A just and graceful management of it is, therefore, of the highest importance.


An accurate and distinct articulation forms the basis of good reading. It consists in giving every letter in a syllable its due proportion of sound, according to the most approved custom of pronouncing it. "In just articulation," says Austin, "the words are not to be hurried over, nor precipitated syllable over syllable, nor, as it were, melted together into a mass of confusion. They should neither be abridged, nor prolonged, nor swallowed, nor forced; they should not be trailed, nor drawled, nor let to slip out carelessly. They are to be delivered out from the lips as beautiful coins newly issued from the mint, deeply and accurately impressed, perfectly finished, neatly struck by the proper organs, distinct, sharp, in due succession, and of due weight." To accomplish this, the voice should be frequently exercised upon the elementary sounds of the language, both simple and combined; and classes of words, containing sounds liable to be perverted or suppressed in utterance, should be forcibly and accurately pronounced.

TABLE OF VOWEL ELEMENTS.

 The following table is designed for an exercise upon the vowel elements.¹ It should be performed thus: *ā, â, â, ä, ê, ë, &c.* Care should be taken to give the utmost articulate force of which the voice is capable. The word is placed opposite the letter merely to indicate its sound.

<i>ā</i>	as in	fate.	<i>ō</i>	as in	note.
<i>ä</i>	" "	far.	<i>ô</i>	" "	move.
<i>â</i>	" "	fall.	<i>ö</i>	" "	not.
<i>ä</i>	" "	fat.	<i>ū</i>	" "	tube.
<i>ē</i>	" "	me,	<i>û</i>	" "	tub.
<i>ë</i>	" "	met.	<i>û</i>	" "	full.
<i>ī</i>	" "	pine.	<i>öy</i>	" "	voice.
<i>î</i>	" "	pin.	<i>öû</i>	" "	sound.

EXERCISES ON THE VOWEL SOUNDS.

 In pronouncing the words in the following exercises, special attention should be given to the precise sound of every element *italicized*. The teacher can first pronounce the word, and the class repeat it in concert.

a : — (as in fate, and marked by Worcester thus, *ā*). — Fame, blame, same, game, sail, obey, survey, cambric, nature, ancient, neighbor, dictator, obeisance, *weigh*, *sleigh*, patron, patriot, patriotism, matron, matronly, azure.

¹ The elementary sound or power of a vowel may be ascertained by pronouncing a word containing it in a slow, drawling manner. Notice the sound of the vowel as it issues from the mouth, and then utter it by itself with great suddenness and force.

- a :** — (as in *far*, marked thus, *ä*). — *Are*, *bar*, *star*, *guitar*, *mart*, *alarm*, *parchment*, *father*, *heart*, *hearth*, *guard*,¹ *clerk*, *sergeant*, *dawnt*, *haunt*, *gauntlet*, *jaundice*, *almond*.
- a :** — (as in *fall*, marked thus, *â*). — *Ball*, *call*, *tall*, *nor*, *form*, *storm*, *corn*, *horn*, *balk*, *salt*, *ought*, *fought*, *nought*, *auger*, *awful*, *water*, *nauseate*, *author*, *always*, *august*.
- a :** — (as in *fat*, marked thus, *ā*). — *Bat*, *cat*, *hat*, *mat*, *gas*, *bad*, *had*, *mad*, *can*, *sand*, *hand*, *cannon*, *fancy*, *marry*, *plaid*, *raillery*, *bade*, *have*, *charity*, *paradise*, *sacrifice*.
- e :** — (as in *me*, marked thus, *ē*). — *Bee*, *she*, *theme*, *scheme*, *scene*, *marine*,² *pique*, *simile*, *key*, *quay*, *fiend*, *chief*, *grieve*, *relief*, *belief*, *receive*, *believe*, *deceive*, *receipt*, *deceit*.
- e :** — (as in *met*, marked thus, *ě*). — *Bed*, *bread*, *dell*, *debt*, *engine*, *elegant*, *benefit*, *melody*, *tepid*, *said*, *says*, *saith*, *friend*, *leopard*, *special*, *preface*, *wainscot*, *breakfast*, *heifer*, *again*, *against*, *merit*, *helm*, *realm*, *many*, *any*.
- i :** — (as in *pine*, marked thus, *ī*). — *Smile*, *mile*, *vile*, *vine*, *dine*, *mild*, *child*, *fly*, *height*, *might*,

¹ Avoid the slight sound of *e* after the *g* in *guard*. Worcester's Dictionary may be regarded as a safe guide in orthography and pronunciation. It contains authorities in regard to the best usage in pronunciation; and among all the eminent orthoepists which he cites, "Smart" may be considered as reporting the most reputable modern use in England.

² There is a class of words, mostly derived from the French and Italian, in which *i* retains the long sound of *e*.

right, sight, type, isle, *buy*, die, defy, crier, oblige, guide, *gusle*, sky, kind, behind.

i : — (as in *pin*, marked thus, *ï*). — Din, sin, ring, prince, quince, wince, whip, sip, skip, lyric, city, servile, agile, busy, business, sieve, sift, cygnet, symptom, sympathy, hypocrite, cynic.

o : — (as in *note*, marked thus, *ô*). — Home, dome, glory, vocal, more, gore, only, both, loaf, loathe, explode, historian, poet, folk, foe, dough, glow, soldier, yeoman, note, vote, votive, devotion.

o : — (as in *move*, marked thus, *ô*). — Prove, mood, lose, rule, true, ruin, druid, fruit, moon, swoon, moor, cool, doom, remove, disprove, smooth, soon, rude, rural, fruitless, truant, prudent, brutal, booty, moody, broom, tomb.

o : — (as in *not*, marked thus, *ô*). — Got, mob, rob, sob, was, what, wash, bog, dog, log, dot, rot, loss, toss, cross, loft, soft, cost, gloss, drop, moss, dross, mop, hop, stop, lofty, glossy.

u : — (as in *tube*, marked thus, *û*). — Tune, fuse, cure, lure, duty, curate, few, pew, Tuesday, cubic, duke, dupe, music, pursuit, resume, consume, during, endure, assume, luminary, lunary, fluid, beautiful, revolution, involution.

u : — (as in *tub*, marked thus, *û*). — Just, must, trust, tun, fun, run, cub, mud, hug, bug, rug, such, much, clutch, dove, does, rough, son, one, some, tongue, nothing, come, comrade, combat.

u : — (as in *full*, marked thus, *û*). — Bush, push, pull, put, could, would, should, good, hood,

stood, wood, wolf, pulpit, butcher, cushion, cuckoo, wool, woollen, puss, foot, pulley, pushing, withstood, book, hook, look, looking.

oi : — (as in *voice*, marked thus, *öi*). — Boil, coil, foil, toil, *coy*, toy, broil, spoil, void, coin, joint, hoist, moist, joist, poise, noise, employ, enjoy, rejoice, avoid, appoint, embroil.

ou : — (as in *sound*, marked thus, *öü*). — Pound, loud, proud, brown, vow, endow, down, noun, town, doubt, devout, plough, slough, trout, ground, shout, vowel, astound, renown, thou, around, found, mound, round, sound.


VOWEL SOUNDS IN UNACCENTED SYLLABLES.

REMARKS TO TEACHERS. — One of the principal difficulties in enunciation arises from a tendency of the voice to slide over the vowels in unaccented syllables, either perverting or suppressing their sounds ; and the difficulty is much increased by the hurried manner in which many persons are accustomed to speak or read. Thus we hear *reb'l* for rebel ; *pashunt* for patient ; *p'ceeds* for precede ; *ev'ry* for every ; *concern* for concern ; *advöcate* for advocate ; *winder* for window ; *pop'lar* for popular ; *awful* for awful ; and *nachur* for nature. This improper pronunciation is heard not only in the school room, but in the pulpit, at the bar, and in our legislative halls ; and so general is the fault, that the ear becomes accustomed to the improper sounds from infancy ; hence arises the difficulty in remedying the defect ; for the habit of indistinct utterance is thus early acquired and firmly established.

The best method to be adopted for avoiding or correcting these errors is to exercise the voice upon the correct sounds of the lan-

guage. The sounds of the voice are wholly dependent upon muscular action. The organs of speech are, therefore, as susceptible of improvement and as much strengthened by proper exercise as the limbs of the body. If, then, the learner habitually mispronounce words in reading or speaking, — if important sounds be perverted or suppressed in utterance, — his attention should be directed to a list of words containing sounds similar to those mispronounced, and the voice should be exercised upon them until the defect is remedied, and the habit of correct utterance is established; for, if children are required to utter *correct sounds* at an age when the organs of speech are most flexible, the habit of enunciating words distinctly and pronouncing correctly will soon be formed.

EXERCISES ON VOWEL SOUNDS IN UNACCENTED SYLLABLES.

 *In pronouncing words containing unaccented syllables, great care should be taken to avoid a formal and fastidious prominence of sound.*

a : — (as in *fat*, without accented force; marked by Worcester thus, *a*, to denote the obscure sound). — *Abandon*,¹ *abed*, *abettor*, *ability*, *above*, *about*, *abode*, *abroad*, *abolish*, *abominate*, *abortion*, *acute*, *adept*, *adore*, *adorn*, *adoption*, *adult*, *adrift*, *afar*, *afloat*, *again*, *agreeable*, *alarm*, *alas*, *alert*, *alike*, *amass*, *amaze*, *amend*, *amuse*, *apart*, *apace*, *apology*, *aright*, *arise*, *atone*, *atrocious*, *avail*, *avenge*, *avert*, *awake*, *away*, *canal*, *calamity*, *canine*, *canonical*, *comparison*, *caress*, *catarrh*, *cathedral*.

¹ The error to be avoided is *abandon*, or *ūbandon*.

Musical,¹ festival, comical, critical, capital, metal, numerical, ecclesiastical, fatal, fantastical, principal, hypocritical, original, marginal, criminal, diagonal, additional, professional.

Special,² judicial, beneficial, artificial, superficial, provincial, commercial, confidential, initial, substantial, circumstantial, credential, providential, prudential, pestilential, reverential, penitential, essential, potential, impartial.

Ascendant,³ descendant, defendant, jubilant, expectant, perseverance, defiance, affiance, reliance, ordinance, allegiance, compliance, luxuriance, variance, countenance, performance.

Applicable,⁴ formidable, commendable, peaceable, agreeable, palpable, perishable, sociable, amiable, pitiable, honorable, detestable, abominable, formidably, respectably, tolerably, valuable.

e : — (as in *me*, without accented force ; marked by Worcester thus, *e*, to denote the obscure sound). — Belief,⁵ believe, benevolence, benevolent, before, behind, behold, beware, delicious, delight, delightful, delineate, deliver, denominate, denominator, deny, denial, deliberate, denounce, denote, prepare, precede, preceded, predict, predicted.

e : — (as in *mercy*,⁶ without accented force ;

¹ Mispronounced *music'l*.

⁴ Mispronounced *applicible*.

² Mispronounced *speciul*.

⁵ Mispronounced *b'lief*.

³ Mispronounced *ascendant*.

⁶ The peculiar character of this sound, which distinguishes it from

marked by Worcester thus, *ë*). — Several,¹ every, severing, tottering, murderer, fluttering, uttering, utterance, traveller, deliverer, deliberate, desperate, moderate, tolerate, venerate, wanderer.

- : — (as in *met*, without accented force ; marked by Worcester thus, *ê*, to denote the obscure sound). — Travel,² chapel, gravel, parcel, counsel, vessel, level, hovel, novel, model, sudden, hyphen, chicken, kitchen, sloven, aspen.

Moment,³ confidence, confident, equipment, dependence, dependent, independent, impudent, parliament, expedient, silent, silence, anthem, providence, provident, eminent, languishment, settlement, prevalent, tenement.

Goodness,⁴ boundless, endless, matchless, groundless, sameness, plainness, weariness, listless, listlessness, laziness, lowliness, bashfulness, cheerfulness, bitterness, comeliness, manliness, steadiness, peevishness, wakefulness, childishness.

- i : — (as in *pin*, without accented force ; marked by Worcester, thus, *î*, to denote the obscure sound). — Invincible,⁵ forcible, incredible, audible, illegible, feasible, susceptible, perceptible, invincible, invincibly, possibly, incredibly, audibly.

the proper short sound of the vowel, is caused by the letter *r* ; and this letter thus situated has an analogous influence on the sound of all the vowels.

¹ Mispronounced *sev'ral*, *ev'ry*, &c.

² Mispronounced *trav'l*.

³ Mispronounced *moment*.

⁴ Mispronounced *goodness*.

⁵ Mispronounced *invincible*.

o : — (as in *note*, without accented force ; marked by Worcester thus, *o*, to denote the obscure sound). — Domain,¹ colossal, Columbus, proceed, produce, producing, opinion, domestic, obey, promote, pronounce, propose, provide, provoke.

Corroborate,² history, rhetoric, melancholy, memorable, memory, desolate, desolation.

Composition,³ compromise, disposition, melody, custody, colony, eloquence, advocate, absolute, opposite, obsolete, crocodile, philosophy, philology, zoology.

Potato,⁴ tobacco, motto, fellow, window, widow, meadow, willow, billow, follow, hallow, to-morrow, sorrow.

o : — (as in *not*, without accented force). — Collect,⁵ collusion, command, commemorate, commence, council, commission, committee, commodious, communicate, compose, compare, comply, component, conceal, concern, conduce, condense, condition, conductor, confederate, congeal, conjecture, convert, consent, consult, contend, convey, convulse.

u : — (as in *tune*, without accented force). — Articulate,⁶ accurate, accuracy, perpendicular, articulated, perpendicularly, masculine, regular, secular, ocular, particular, educate, regulate, emulate.

¹ Mispronounced *dūmain*.

² Mispronounced *corrob'rate*.

³ Mispronounced *compersion*.

⁴ Mispronounced *potatū*.


⁵ Mispronounced *collect*.

⁶ Mispronounced *artic'late*.

Pleasure,¹ measure, exposure, erasure, composure, displeasure, outmeasure, nature, feature, creature, pressure, fissure, leisure, closure, censur, miniature, portraiture, imposture.

u : — (as in full, without accented force). — Awful,² baneful, fearful, playful, beautiful, bountiful, dutiful, tuneful, graceful, hopeful, playfully, fearfully, beautifully, bountifully.

TABLE OF CONSONANT ELEMENTS.

 The following table is designed for an exercise upon the consonant elements.³ The words are placed opposite the letter merely to indicate its sound.


b as in bow, orb.	p as in pin, top.
ch " " chest, march.	r " " roll, roar.
d " " dare, aid.	s " " sin, miss.
f " " fame, if.	sh " " shun, push.
g " " gave, fag.	t " " take, hat.
h " " horse, home.	th (aspirate) thin, truth.
j " " June, rage.	th " " this, beneath.
k " " kite, cook.	v " " vain, love.
l " " let, call.	w " " wave, will.
m " " man, aim.	y " " young, yes.
n " " no, can.	z " " zone, was.
ng " " ring, sing.	z " " azure, leisure.

¹ Mispronounced *pleasür*.

² Mispronounced *aufle*.

³ The sound of a consonant may be ascertained by pronouncing a word containing it in a slow, drawling manner. Take, for instance, the word *at*; notice the sound of *t* as it issues from the mouth, and then utter it by itself with suddenness and force.

EXERCISES ON THE CONSONANT SOUNDS.

 In pronouncing the words in the following exercises, the utmost force and clearness of sound should be given to the consonant elements. The letters to which attention is to be directed are printed in *Italics*.

b : — (vocal,¹ as in *bay*). — *Bad*,² *bag*, *bat*, *beet*,
beg, *bear*, *bought*, *beast*, *stab*, *ebb*, *tube*, *tub*,
babe, *globe*, *glebe*, *inhabit*, *babble*,³ *babbler*,
bound, *baboon*, *barbarous*, *barbarian*, *beastly*,
bind, *binder*, *bound*, *begin*, *began*, *beggar*.

ch : — (aspirate, as in *chest*). — *Chair*, *chat*,
charm, *chalk*, *check*, *chine*, *chin*, *churn*, *chirp*,
hatch, *march*, *watch*, *each*, *switch*, *scorch*, *satchel*,
birchen, *beechen*, *twitching*, *touching*, *much*,
such, *touch*, *chatting*, *charming*, *cheerful*.

d : — (vocal, as in *date*). — *Deed*, *debt*, *mad*, *rid*,
modest, *body*, *rode*, *bade*, *would*, *should*, *could*,
deduce, *added*, *wedded*, *dated*, *side*, *sided*, *abide*,

¹ VOCAL, pertaining to the voice. A *vocal* consonant is distinguished from the *aspirate* in its enunciation by a murmuring sound of the voice. There are two kinds of murmur observable in the vocal consonants: the one is called *guttural*, being confined to the throat; and the other *head*, because, by the opening of the nasal passages, it ascends into the cavities of the skull.

² The common defect in the articulation of *b* is a want of force in the compression and opening of the lips.

³ When in syllabic combinations in primitive words consonants are doubled, the sound of one of the constituents is omitted, as in *babble*, *happy*, *manner*, *otter*, *sluggard*, &c.; but in compound and derived words, where the original root ends and the superadded affix begins with the same letter, there is a reduplication of the sound, as in *unmatural*, *innate*, *oneness*, *soulless*, *palely*, *book-case*, *seaport-town*, &c.

abode, deduced, deduct, deducted, aid, aided, said, wed, wedding.

f: — (aspirate, as in *fate*). — *Fame, feud, fanciful, proffer, crafty, chafe, life, enough, rough, cough, trough, laughter, phial, seraph, laugh, fatal, fireman, ferry, fertile, futile, fancy, fusion, fairy, fair, fertility.*

g: — (vocal, as in *gate*). — *Game, bag, gag, bigot, plague, vague, ghost, guard, go, gone, gulp, bog, jug, egg, guilt, grew-gaw, guinea, prologue, epilogue, guerdon, guarantee, give, giver, given, gay, gave, gain, gun, gum, gull.*

h: — (aspirate, as in *hall*). — *Hay, hat, hate, haunt, hall, high, whole, hair, huge, hot-house, vehement, harmony, human, whale,¹ where, when, what, why, whether, annihilate, behemoth, vehicle, behest, bake-house,² hap-hazard, upholder, abhorrent, cub-hunting, knife-handle, off-hand, stave-head, adhesive, childhood, nut-hook, withhold, ink-horn, gig-horse, race-horse, falsehood, exhibit, exhort, perhaps, foolhardy, Amherst, unhinge, inherent, unhappy.*

j: — (vocal, as in *jest*). — *Genius, gentle, jam, jar, jet, jeer, gesture, jilt, giant, gibbet, jolt, just, jostle, gypsy, joy, age, liege, edge, ledge, bridge, bridges, judge, judgest, judgment, justice, jury, July, June, James, John, Joseph.*

¹ *Wh*, in commencing words, is uttered thus: *hwo*, or *hoo*. In *who* and its compounds the *w* is silent.

² The letter *h* in compound words is often omitted or slurred in the pronunciation; as, *bakouse* for *bakehouse*, *falseood* for *falsehood*, &c.

k : — (aspirate, as in *key*). — *Car, coil, seek, ache, music, talk, vaccine, vaccinate, chasm, echo, choir, chord, chorus, archives, coquette, epoch, etiquette, queen, queer, quake, orchestra, architect, archetype, cucumber, conqueror, conquest.*

l : — (vocal, as in *lull*). — *Bell, lurk, isle, pale, oil, bale, lay, lee, lo, lark, loll, weal, hull, lullaby, lively, lovely, law, lad, hail, all, call, tall, well, will, wool, lowly, lily, lonely, sweetly, holy, latterly, awfully.*

m : — (vocal, as in *may*). — *Man, morn, move, mound, mammon, moment, blame, hymn, solemn, phlegm, drachm, fame, home, dome, come, memory, memento, to-morrow, mount, mountain, motive, morning, metre, meeting, coming.*

n : — (vocal, as in *noon*). — *Nine, linen, penance, nay, gnat, knee, net, nice, nib, note, not, new, can, ken, keen, line, sin, own, on, noun, nonentity, condign, gnaw, kneel, banner, aspen, sudden, kitchen, hyphen.*

ng¹ : — (vocal, as in *song*). — *King, fang, ring, fling, flinging, ringing, singing, writing, hanging, bringing, robbing, sobbing, anger, congress, being, nothing, prolong, congregate, anguish, languid, extinguish, distinguish.*

p : — (aspirate,² as in *pay*). — *Peer, pin, pool,*

¹ The sound of *ng*, when at the end of a word or syllable, is not the natural sound of the combination *n* and *g*, each letter retaining its natural power and sound; but a simple single sound, for which the combination *ng* is a conventional mode of expression.

² **ASPIRATE**, pronounced with a full emission of breath.

pound, nip, happy, pippin, puppet, rapid, tropic, pipe, pupil, pencil, piper, creep, grope, stop, steep, step, pile, pine, pint, penny, pink, pure, pad, peat, pall, pet, poor, push, peep.

r¹: — (vocal, initial, or before a vowel, as in *roll*). — *Ray, rough, raw, rend, rat, root, rust, rebel, Roman, rot, flowery, rest, room, ride, rise, wry, rural, around, enrich, rhinoceros, rush, rushing, rushest.*

r²: — (final, or before a consonant, as in *air*). — *Far, are, our, ear, eternal, formal, murmur, former, torpor, barter, servant, border, merchant, adore, demure, expire, appear, hurdle, murmuring, forbear.*

s: — (aspirate, as in *say*). — *Sin, sign, design, suitor, suit, gas, mass, dose, sinless, science, transcend, conclusive, delusive, psalm, psalmist, scene, schism, beside, poesy, heresy, thesis, flaccid, scintillate, sister, cistern, cease, source.*

sh: — (aspirate, as in *shame*). — *Shade, shall, shine, shawl, gash, rash, censure, sash, nau-*

¹ The letter *r*, used as an *initial*, or before a vowel, is articulated by a forcible trill of the tongue against the upper gum. This sound should never be prolonged. It is sometimes mispronounced thus: *wray, wrough.*

² When the *r* is *final*, or is placed before a consonant, the vibration or trill should be very slight. It will be perceived that this letter has a peculiar influence on both the long and the short sound of the vowel which precedes it in a monosyllable or in an accented syllable, unless the succeeding syllable begins with the sound of *r*, or a vowel sound, as, *care, fair, pair, mercy, merchant, hurdle, &c.* When the succeeding syllable begins with a vowel sound, or with *r*, the sound of the preceding vowel is not modified, as, *merit, merry, hurry, &c.*

seate, associate, mansion, pension, enunciation, pronunciation, specious, delicious, capricious, expansion, detraction, exaction, ocean, promotion.

t : — (aspirate, as in *tin*). — *Tell, tine, tune, toil, time, met, but, matter, critic, satiety, debt, Thames, Thomas, Ptolemy, receipt, yacht, indict, titter, latter, better, bitter, butter, mutter, chatter, foot, tutor, taught, total.*

th : — (aspirate, as in *thin*). — *Thank, thick, theory, theatre, thought, bath, path, lath, oath, mouth, month, faith, breath, panther, orthoepy, apathy, ether, thankful, thankless, thoughtful, think, thinking, ethics, atheist, thorn.*

th : — (vocal, as in *that*). — *This, thus, there, those, thou, thee, these, thine, thither, though, beneath, tithe, with, brethren, farthing, father, breathe, sheathe, wreathe, heathen, weather, blithe, clothe, thy, then, therefore.*

v : — (vocal, as in *vane*). — *Veer, vine, vivid, vote, pave, weave, livid, seven, votive, move, prove, nephew, revive, survive, alive, twelve, revolve, nerve, swerve, serve, preserve, reserve, vividly, vivacious, vivacity, reviving, surviving.*

w : — (as in *war*). — *Waft, wall, wonder, one, once, woo, wain, wine, wood, will, weary, worm-wood, weather, bewail, beware, weal, woe, woful, wayward, worth, worthless, well, warm, wondrous, world, welcome, warming, we.*

y : — (as in *ye*). — *Year, young, yawn, yolk, yield,*

you, use, utility, yon, yonder, your, youth, yawl, million, poniard, rebellion, vermillion, spaniel, filial, yes, yea, yesterday, yearling, yawning, yielding, useful, usefulness.

z : — (vocal, as in zeal). — As, is, has, was, seas, zephyr, maze, prize, flies, ways, roses, daisies, praises, refuse, abuse, amuse, arise, praise, pays, refuses, abuses, houses, phases, buzzes, breezes, amaze, amazes, amuses.

z : — (vocal, as in azure). — Derision, razure, leisure, seizure, collision, occasion, adhesion, persuasion, osier, vision, explosion, confusion, infusion, fusion, treasure, pleasure, measure, abrasion, roseate, leisurely, treasureless, measureless.

EXERCISES UPON CONSONANT SOUNDS IN COMBINATION.

¶ *In pronouncing words containing consonant sounds in combination, if the learner fail to articulate all the elements distinctly, he should be required to utter them separately. Take, for instance, the word lovedst. Here we have the combination vdst. Each of these sounds should be uttered separately, thus : v, d, s, t ; then utter them in rapid succession, until the combination can be pronounced with force, distinctness, and ease.*

INITIAL SYLLABLES.

bl : — Blame, bleed, bled, blow, blown, bloom.

br : — Brave, brief, brine, brown, broom, brew.

dr : — Draw, drew, drive, drove, drawn, drown.

- fl : — *Flame, fleet, flume, flew, flow, flown, fly.*
 fr : — *Frame, frail, freeze, froze, fruit, frown.*
 gl : — *Glade, glaze, glee, gleam, glide, glow, glue.*
 gr : — *Grain, green, grew, grown, groin, growl.*
 kl : — *Claim, climb, clean, clan, cling, clung, claw.*
 kr : — *Cream, crime, crew, crow, crown, cringe.*
 pl : — *Plain, plan, plead, plod, plough, plume.*
 pr : — *Praise, pray, pride, proud, prone, prune.*
 sf : — *Sphere, spheres, sphinx, sphene, spherics.*
 shr : — *Shrive, shred, shrine, shriek, shrewd.*
 sk : — *Skate, skill, skin, skip, skim, skein, sketch.*
 skr : — *Screen, scream, screw, scrawl, screech.*
 sl : — *Slain, slew, slate, sleet, sled, slime, slow.*
 sm : — *Smite, smoke, smooth, smote, smith, smart.*
 sn : — *Snail, snake, snare, snow, snap, snail, snag.*
 sp : — *Speak, spoke, speed, spare, spine, spike.*
 spl : — *Spleen, splice, split, splint, splay, splash.*
 spr : — *Sprain, spring, sprung, sprite, sprig, spread.*
 st : — *Stain, steed, still, stole, sting, stung, stag.*
 str : — *Strain, stream, string, strung, straw, strand.*
 thr : — *Thrive, throw, threw, three, throb, thrill.*
 tr : — *Train, trade, trail, tray, true, tread, trance.*

FINAL SYLLABLES.

- bd, bdst : — *Ebb'd, ebb'dst, robb'd, robb'dst.*
 bl, bld, bldst, blst, blz : — *Trouble, troubld, troubldst, troubles, double, doubld, troubldst.*

bst : — Ebb'*st*, robb'*st*, prob'*st*, sob'*st*, throb'*st*.

bz : — Babes, imbibes, lobes, robes, tubes, tubs.

dl, dld, dldst, dlst, dlz : — Handle, handl'*d*, handl'*dst*, handl'*st*, handles.

dn, dnd, dnz : — Gladd'*n*, gladd'*n'd*, gladd'*ns*.

dst : — Didst, hadst, couldst, wouldst, shouldst.

dth, dths : — Breadth, breadths, width, widths.

dz : — Blades, shades, deeds, feeds, heeds, weeds.

fl, fld, fldst, flst, flz : — Trifle, trifl'*d*, trifl'*dst*, trifl'*st*, trifles.

fn, fnd, fnz : — Of'*n*, sof'*n*, sof'*n'd*, sof'*ns*, of'*n*.

fs, fst : — Laughs, laugh'*st*, scoffs, scoff'*st*, puffs.

ft, fth, fths, fts, ftst : — Waft, fifth, fifths, wafts, waft'*st*.

gd, gdst : — Dragg'*d*, dragg'*dst*, begg'*d*, drugg'*d*.

gl, gld, gldst, glst, glz : — Mangle, mangl'*d*, mangl'*dst*, mangl'*st*, mangles.

gst : — Begg'*st*, dragg'*st*, drugg'*st*, shrugg'*st*.

gz : — Bags, fags, lags, rags, wags, begs, dogs.

kl, kld, kldst, klst, klz : — Buckle, buckl'*d*, buckl'*dst*, buckl'*st*, buckles, truckle, truckl'*d*.

kn, knd, kndst, knst, knz : — Black'*n*, black'*n'd*, black'*n'dst*, black'*nst*, black'*ns*.

ks, kst, ksth : — Six,¹ bricks, lick'*st*, sixth.

kt, kts, ktst : — Act, acts, fact, facts, act'*st*.

lb, lbz : — Bulb, bulbs, bulb, bulbs, bulb, bulbs.

ld, ldst, ldz : — Hold, holdl'*st*, holds, moulds, folds.

¹ X represents the sound of *ks*.

lf, lfs, lft, lfth : — *Gulf, gulfs, delft, twelfth.*

lg, lgd : — *Bilge, bilg'd, bulge, bulg'd, bilge.*

lk, lks, lkst, lkt : — *Milk, milks, milk'st, mulct.*

lm, lmd, lmdst, lnz : — *Realm, whelm'd, whelm'dst, realms.*

ln : — *Fall'n, fall'n, fall'n, swell'n, swell'n, swell'n.*

lp, lps, lpst, lpt, lptst : — *Help, helps, help'st, help'd, help'dst.*

ls, lst : — *False, fall'st, call'st, roll'st, fell'st, fill'st.*

lt, lth, lths, lts, ltst : — *Melt, health, healths, melts, melt'st.*

lv, lvd, lvdst, lvst, lvz : — *Resolve, resolv'd, resolv'dst, resolv'st, resolves.*

lz : — *Calls, falls, walls, rolls, tolls, tells, sells.*

md, mdst : — *Doom'd, doom'dst, condemn'd.*

mf, mfd, mfs : — *Triumph, triumph'd, triumphs.*

mp, mps, mpst, mpt, mpts, mptst : — *Damp, damps, damp'st, attempt, attempts, attempt'st.*

mst : — *Doom'st, deem'st, seem'st, dream'st, beam'st.*

mz : — *Dooms, deems, seems, dreams, themes.*

nd, ndst, ndz : — *Hand, bound'st, hands, lands.*

ngd, ngdst, ngst, ngth, ngths, ngz : — *Wrong'd, wrong'dst, wrong'st, length, lengths, wrongs.*

nj, njd : — *Change, chang'd, range, rang'd.*

nk, nks, nkst, nkt : — *Think, thinks, think'st.*

ns, nst : — *Science, license, defence, licens'd.*

nch, nchd : — *Launch, launch'd, lurch, lurch'd.*

nt, nts, ntst, nth, nths, nz : — Tent, tents,
want'*st*, tenth, tenths, means, beans, tones.

pl, pld, pldst, plst, plz : — Scruple, scrupl'*d*,
scrupl'*d*st, scrupl'*st*, scruples.

pn, pnd, pndst, pnz : — Open, open'*d*, open'*d*'st,
opens.

ps, pst, pt, pts, ptst, pth, pths : — Droops,
droop'*st*, precept, precepts, accept'*st*, depth,
depths.

rb, rbd, rbdst, rbst, rbz : — Curb, curb'*d*, curb'*d*st,
curb'*st*, curbs, verb, verbs, herb, herbs.

rd, rdst, rdz : — Reward, reward'*st*, rewards.

rf, rfs : — Surf, surfs, dwarf, dwarfs, scarf, scarfs.

rg, rgz : — Iceberg, icebergs, iceberg, icebergs.

rj, rjd, rjdst : — Urge, urg'*d*, urg'*d*st.

rk, rkd, rkdst, rks, rkst : — Bark, bark'*d*, bark'*d*st,
barks, bark'*st*.

rl, rld, rldst, rlst, rlz : — Snarl, snarl'*d*, snarl'*d*st,
snarl'*st*, snarls, whirl, whirl'*d*, whirl'*d*st, whirl'*st*.

rm, rmd, rmdst, rmst, rmth, rmz : — Warm,
warm'*d*, warm'*d*st, warm'*st*, warmth, warms.

rn, rnd, rndst, rnst, rnz : — Burn, burn'*d*,
burn'*d*st, burn'*st*, burns, ferns, learns, turns.

rp, rpd, rpdst, rpst, rps : — Usurp, usurp'*d*,
usurp'*d*st, usurp'*st*, usurps, chirps.

rs, rst, rstst : — Horse, burst, bursts, worse, worst.

rt, rth, rths, rts, rtst : — Hurt, hearth, hearths,
hurts, hurt'*st*, flirt, flirts, girt, girth, girths, girts.

rch rchd : — March, march'*d*, march, march'*d*.

rv, rvd, rvdst, rvst, rvz : — *Deserve, deserv'd, deserv'dst, deserv'st, deserves.*

rz : — *Fears, tears, bears, fares, wears, hears.*

sk, skd, skdst, sks, skst : — *Ask, ask'd, ask'dst, asks, ask'st.*

sl, sld, sldst, slst, slz : — *Rustle, rustl'd, rustl'dst, rustl'st, rustles, bustle, bustl'd, bustl'dst.*

sn, snd, sndst, snst, snz : — *Listen, list'n'd, list'n'dst, list'n'st, list'ns.*

sp, spd, spdst, sps, spst : — *Clasp, clasp'd, clasp'dst, clasps, clasp'st, hasp, hasp'd.*

st, sts, stst : — *Taste, tastes, tast'st, waste, wastes.*

tch, tchd, tchdst, tchst : — *Watch, watch'd, watch'dst, watch'st, hatch, hatch'd, hatch'dst.*

thd, thdst, thst : — *Smooth'd, smooth'dst, smooth'st.*

thn, thnd, thndst, thnst : — *Length'n, length'n'd, length'n'dst, length'n'st, length'n.*

thnz, thz : — *Lengthens, strengthens, truths.*

tl, tld, tldst, tlst, tlz : — *Startle, startl'd, startl'dst, startl'st, startles, startle, startl'd.*

tn, tnd, tndst, tnst, tnz : — *Sweeten, sweet'n'd, sweet'n'dst, sweet'ns, sweet'ns.*

ts, tst : — *Writes, writ'st, blights, blight'st, lights.*

vd, vdst : — *Prov'd, prov'dst, lov'd, lov'dst.*

vl, vld, vldst, vlst, vlz : — *Grovel, grov'l'd, grov'l'dst, grov'l'st, grovels.*

vn, vnz : — *Heaven, heavens, eleven, leaven.*

vz : — *Moves, proves, loves, lives, gives, heaves.*

zd : — *Praised, razed, amazed, gazed, raised.*

zl, zld, zldst, zlst, zlz : — Dazzle, dazzled, dazzl'dst, dazzl'st, dazzles, dazzle, dazzled.

zm, zinz : — Chasm, chasms, spasm, spasms.

zn, znd, zndst, znst, znz : — Blazen, blaz'n'd, blaz'n'dst, blaz'n'st, blazens.

PART II.

EXERCISES IN READING.



I.—INSTINCT AND REASON.

GOD made man in his own image, and gave him power over the fish of the sea, the fowls of the air, the cattle, and every ¹ living thing.

¹ The attention of the learner should be particularly directed to the sounds of the letters printed in *Italics*. Never let a word be indistinctly uttered in the school room, and a good articulation will soon become habitual.

The horse, and the ox, and many other animals are¹ very strong; yet man rules over them. He makes them work for him, and do what he wishes. He can do this, because he has a *mind*, and can think and plan, which the brute creation cannot do.

Some animals can be taught to do a great many things, and some are naturally very cunning; but none² of them can reason or contrive like man. They are guided in all they do by what is called *instinct*.

Birds build their *nests*, and beasts seek their prey, by instinct. They do that which God has taught them to do, but they do not know why they do it.

The birds do not build their *nests* now any better than they did a thousand years ago. The beasts seek their food in the same way as those did that were first created. This sort of knowledge which the animals have without teaching is called *instinct*.

Man obtains his knowledge in a very different way. God does not teach him, as he does the animals; but he gives him the power to learn, which is far better.

Children know scarcely any thing about what they see until they are taught. They do not know that fire will burn them, or that water will drown them. They have to learn every thing. Their parents³ have therefore to tell them these things. They send them to school to learn to read books, by which they may learn many other things.

¹ Pronounced *ar*.

² Pronounced *nän*.

³ Pronounced *pär'ents*.

If we would be wise we must study. We must read good books, and think, and observe. We must listen to those who are older and wiser than ourselves. We must try to avoid all evil.

It is the power to do these things, and thus to become wiser and better every day, which distinguishes man from the brute creation; but the greatest difference of all is this: Man has an immortal soul — man only can worship God!

Man only, of all creatures, is able to know, and love, and obey the God who made him. He only can pray. He only can say, *Our Father*.

Think of this when you pray to God, and thank him for giving you the power to know and love him. Ask him to bless you. Seek his Holy Spirit to lead you into all truth. Implore him to forgive your sins, through Jesus Christ, and after death to take you to himself in heaven.

īm'āge	pōw'er	ēv'e-ry	ān'i-māls
cre-ā'tion	nāt'ū-rāl-ly	cūn'ning	rēa'son ⁵
con-trīve'	īn'stinct	nēsts	prey ⁶
knōwl'edge	dīf'fer-ent	lēarn	scārce'ly
ob-sērve'	a-vōid'	ē'vil ⁴	dīs-tīn'guish-es
īm-mōr'tal	wor'ship ¹	crēa'tures	cān'nōt
knōw	q-bey' ²	īm-plōre'	fōr-gīve'
fōwls	cāt'tle ³	līv'ing	hōrse

NOTE. All teaching, to be effective, must be thorough. Children should therefore be early required to define all the words that occur in their reading lessons.

¹ Pron. wŭr'ship. ² q-bē'. ³ kăt'tl. ⁴ ē'vī. ⁵ rē'sn. ⁶ prē.

II.—THE GREAT TEACHER.

Who taught the bird to build her nest
 Of wool, and hay, and moss?
 Who taught her how to weave it best,
 And lay the twigs across?

Who taught the busy bee to fly
 Among the sweetest flowers,
 And lay her store of honey by,
 To eat in winter hours?

Who taught the little ant the way
 Her narrow hole to bore,
 And through the pleasant summer day
 To gather up her store?

'Twas God who taught them all the way,
 And gave their little skill;
 He teaches children how to pray,
 And do his holy will.

tāught	bīrd	buīld	wool ¹
mōss	twīgs	a-crōss'	bus'y ²
bēē	a-mōng'	swēēt'est	flōw'ers
hōn'ey	wīn'ter	ānt	nār'rōw
hōle	bōre	throtgh	plēas'ant
sūm'mer	gāth'er	stōre	skill

¹ Pres. wūl.² bīz'sp.

III.—TEACHINGS FROM NATURE.

LET us walk out into the fields and study the works of nature. Above you is the bright blue sky, the sun, and the clouds. At night you can see the moon and the stars.

Around you are trees, shrubs, plants, flowers, and fruit ; hills, vales, streams, and rocks ; men, beasts, birds, fish, insects, and worms.

You can see all sorts of *forms* ; some round, some square, some bent, some straight, some short, some long, some thin, some thick, some sharp, some blunt, some smooth, and some rough.

You can see things of all colors — red, blue, yellow, white, black, brown, and green. Some are very bright, and some are dull.

You can hear the song of birds, the hum of voices, the fall of waters, the rush of winds, and the cry of beasts ; and at times the sound of bells, and other music.

Look at your own body. You have eyes, ears, hands, arms, legs, and feet ; a head, a face, a nose, and a mouth ; teeth, tongue, and lips.

You can eat, drink, sleep, move, run, walk, jump, breathe, laugh, and cry ; you can see, hear, feel, taste, and smell ; and what is more strange, you can think and speak.

You have a mind, and can reason, reflect, and judge. You can learn what all these things are for, and how to make use of them.

To know things is to know nature, and to know nature is to know something of God, who is the Author of nature.

To know ourselves should also be our study ; for if we do not know how to govern ourselves, all our knowledge is vain.

wâlk	fiêlds	stûd'y	works ²
nâ'ture	brîght-	blûe	a-rôûnd'
trêes	shrûbs	plānts	frûit
hîlls	vāles	strēams	rôcks
rôûnd	squāre	bênt	strāight
shôrt	lông	thîn	thîck
shārp	blûnt	smôôth	rough ³
côl'ors	vôï'ces	bôd'y	tôngue ⁴
rêa'son ¹	re-flect'	jûdge	vāin

IV. — THE FLOWERS.

WHEN we walk in the fields, how many beautiful flowers we see ! Some spring from the grass, where they look like stars ; some twine in the hedges ; some grow on the banks of the rivulet ; and some hang from trees and plants.

What a pleasure it is to look at them — red and blue, yellow and white. Some are round like cups ; some stand up with sun-like rays ; and some hang

¹ Pron. rê'sn.

² wûrks.

³ rôf.

⁴ tûng.

down their heads ; but all their forms are pleasant to the eye.

And then, while they look so bright and fair, how sweet they smell ! The air is full of their fragrance. The bees sing songs round them, and sip honey from them.

At night, the flowers hang their heads and droop ; but in the morning, they open their leaves, and the clear dew seems like a tear of joy in their eyes, to hail the sun that lights them.

Why did God make the flowers so fair, and pure, and bright, and paint them with so many hues ? Because it was his wish that they should make glad our eyes.

He might have made them dull, dark, ugly things, so that when we looked upon them they would have given us pain, and not joy ; but God wished to make us happy.

As the sun shines upon the flowers, so God smiles on us when we do what is right ; when we try to shed light, and joy, and peace about us.

beaŭ'ti-fŭl	twīne	hĕdg'eş	rĭv'ŭ-lĕt
plĕaş'urĕ ¹	plĕaş'ant	frā'grance	hŏn'ey
drŏŏp	lēaveş	ŭg'ly	dĕw
hŭeş	light ²	jŏy	pĕace
flŏw'ers	grāss	plānts	shĭneş
rĭght	rĕd	blŭe	yĕl'lŏw
dŭll	dārk	whĭte	rŏŭnd

¹ Pron. plĕaş'ur.

² lit.

V.—THE USE OF FLOWERS.

God might have made the earth bring forth
Enough for great and small,
The oak tree, and the cedar tree,
Without a flower at all.

He might have made enough, enough
For every want of ours ;
For luxury, medicine, and toil,
And yet have made no flowers.

The clouds might give abundant rain,
The nightly dews might fall,
And the herb, that keepeth life in man,
Might yet have drunk them all.

Then wherefore, wherefore were they made,
And dyed with rainbow light,
All fashioned with supremest grace,
Up-springing day and night ?

Our outward life requires them not ;
Then wherefore had they birth ? —
To minister delight to man ;
To beautify the earth ; —

To comfort man ; to whisper hope,
Whene'er his faith is dim ;
For He who careth for the flowers
Will care much more for him !

ĕarth	ĕ-noŭgh' ¹	cĕ'dar	lŭx'ŭ-ry
mĕd'i-cine	tōl	ə-bŭn'dant	kĕĕp'ĕth
whĕre'fore	rāin'bōw	fāsh'ioned	sŭ-prĕm'est
ōŭt'ward	rĕ-quires'	birth	mŭn'is-ter
dĕ-light'	beaŭ'ti-fŷ	cōm'fort	whis'per

VI.—THE PLUM CAKES.

THERE was a little boy whose name was Harry ; and his father and mother sent him to a boarding school. Harry was a very good boy, and loved his book ; and he obeyed his teacher in all things. His mother therefore made a nice cake for him, and sent it to the school. It was very large, and stuffed full of plums and sweetmeats, and iced all over with sugar.

When Harry saw it, he jumped about for joy. He hardly staid for a knife to cut a piece, but gnawed it like a little dog. He ate till the bell rang for school, and after school he ate again, and ate till he went to bed. His bed-fellow told me that he laid his cake under his pillow, and sat up in the night to eat some. So he ate till it was all gone.

But presently after this little boy was very sick ; and somebody said, " Harry has had a rich cake, and ate it all up very soon, and that has made him sick." So they sent for a physician, who gave him a

¹ Pron. ĕ-nŭf'.

great deal of medicine. Poor Harry did not like it at all ; but he was forced to take it, or else he might have died.

There was another boy in the same school whose name was Peter. He had written his mother a very neat, pretty letter ; there was not one blot in it. So his mother sent him a cake.

Peter said to himself, "I will not make myself sick, as Harry did, but I will keep this cake a great while." So he took it up stairs, and locked it up in his box, and once a day he crept slyly to it, and ate a very little piece, and then locked his box again.

Peter kept it several weeks, for it was very large ; but, behold ! the mice got into his box, and nibbled some ; and the cake grew dry and mouldy, and at last was good for nothing. So he was obliged to throw it away, and nobody was sorry for him.

There was another little boy at the same school, whose name was William ; and one day his mother sent him a cake. When the cake came, William said to his school-fellows, "My mother has sent me a large plum cake ; come, let us go and eat it." So they came about him like a parcel of bees ; and William gave a piece to one, and a piece to another, and took a slice himself, and then put the rest by for the next day.

But presently after, an old blind fiddler came into the court. He had a long white beard ; and, because he was blind, he had a little dog in a string to lead him. So he came into the court, and sat down upon a stone, and said, "My boys, if you

wish, I will play you a tune." And they all left off their sport, and came and stood round him. And William saw that, while he played, the tears ran down his cheeks.



"Why do you cry?" said William. "Because I am very hungry," answered the old man. "I have nobody to give me any dinners or suppers. I have nothing in the world but this little dog; and I cannot work. If I could work, I would."

Then William went, without saying a word, and fetched the rest of his cake, which he had intended to have eaten the next day, and said, "Here, old man; here is some cake for you;" and put it into

his hat. And the fiddler thanked him, and William was more pleased than if he had eaten ten cakes.

Which do you love best? Harry, or Peter, or William?

whôse	fâ'ther	bôard'ing	o-beyed' ⁴
tēach'er	nīce	stuffed	plūmş
sweēt'mēats	iced	sūg'ar ²	jūmped
plēce	gnâwed ¹	âte	pī'lōw
prēs'ent-ly	sēnt	phy-si''cian ³	an-ôth'er
writ'ten	sēv'er-əl	nīb'bled	mōuld'y
nôth'ing	thrōw	Wīll'iam	fīd'dler
bēard	tēarş	fētched	o-blīged'
nō'bod-y	pār'cel	cōurt	rēst

VII.—PAUL AND MARY.

PAUL and Mary lived in the city. Their mother often ¹ told them how pleasant it was in the country, where she had formerly lived. She told them about the fields and beautiful flowers, the green fruit trees, and the birds which sang among their branches.

The children wished very much to see the beautiful things which their mother had described; and their father and mother took them into the country, to make a long visit. One day, Paul came running to Mary, and said, "Some one has left the door open.

¹ Pron. nâd.

² shūg'ar.

³ fī-si'h'yan.

⁴ o-bīd'.

Come, let us run out into the fields, and see some of these fine things."

"Shall we take our toys with us?" asked Mary. "Yes," said Paul, picking up some of his ninepins; "we shall want to play with them." Mary took her doll, tied on its cloak, and set out with Paul on their tour.

They walked out of the door, hand in hand, and thence into the fields, along paths which led through the grass, and peas, and beans. At length they came to a large field, where the wheat was in the ear, and nearly ripe.

"O, look at those beautiful red and blue flowers!" said Mary, pointing to some flowers which grew in the wheat. "I wish I could have some of them to carry to mother."

"You shall have them all," said Paul; and he laid down his ninepins, and began to work his way through the wheat.

"Take me with you, Paul," said Mary; "I cannot see you when you are in the high grove."

"This is not a high grove," said Paul. "It is only a field of wheat;" and he gave Mary his hand, and they both went farther into the field. They saw and thought of nothing but the bright blue and red flowers. Paul soon gathered a large bunch, but Mary still wanted more.

"O, I am so tired! I cannot hold my doll any longer," said Mary.

"We will make her a bed," said Paul, "and she can sleep in it until we come back."

They both bent down the wheat, and arched it over like a little bed. Mary laughed as she laid her doll down, and they went on their way without it. When they had been in the field nearly an hour, Mary said that she wanted something to eat.

"I want my supper," she said, with a sigh; and she looked at Paul with tearful eyes.

"We will go back and get some," said Paul, "and the next time we will be wiser, and bring some with us." They turned back, but could not find their way. The wheat had closed behind them as they passed through it, and they stood as if they were in the midst of green walls.

The sun had been down some time, and a cold dew was falling fast. Mary's frock was nearly wet through, and she grew more and more weary, until at last she cried aloud, and said, "O Paul, take me back to mother. I am so tired! I must go back to mother!"

"Do be still," said Paul; and he took hold of her hand, and sat down with her in the wheat. "Do you not hear the quails sing? They must stay in the fields all night, and why should not we? We will make as good a bed as we did for the doll, and as soon as it is daylight we will go home."

Mary looked round, and gave a few more sobs and sighs, and then lay down and tried to like her new bed. Paul sat at her side, and watched her until she fell asleep.

He then looked at the stars, as they came out in the sky, and tried to count them. But there were

soon too many to count, and then he put down his flowers, and lay down with his little sister, and like her was soon asleep.

Pâul	cĭt'y	ôf'ten ²	vĭs'it
töŷŷ	clōak	păthŷ	grōve
făr'ther	nēar'ly	tĭred	lăughed ³
mĭdst	wēa'ry	wătched	quăilŷ ⁴
coŭn'try	brănch'ęŷ	dę-scribed'	rŭn'ning
tĭed	tōur	whēat	hĭgh ⁵
thōught ¹	găth'ered	ărched	sĭgh ⁶
făll'ing	trĭed	cōŭnt	crĭed

VIII.—PAUL AND MARY, CONCLUDED.

Soon after Paul and Mary had left the house, they were missed, and search was immediately made for them. They were sought in the town, but no one had seen them. Their mother wept and searched until it grew dark, but she could not find them.

Presently the father came in, and they told him that Paul and Mary could not be found. He looked very grave, and showed two ninepins which he had picked up on the road.

"These may help us to find the track," said he, "and we will go to the place where I found them." He went one way, and sent men to search

1 Pron. thăut. 2 ôf'ten. 3 mĭst. 4 kwĭls 5 hĭ 6 sĭ.

another; but the night passed, and Paul and Mary were not discovered.

In the morning, the father called his dog, showed him the ninepin, and set out on the road with his wife. It was just dawn; all was still and cool, and a soft breeze sighed through the trees.

The dog went on, with his head to the ground, now on this side of the road, and now on that, to find the scent of the children's footsteps. They had reached the wheat field, when all at once the dog made a sudden bound into the waving wheat.

"They have gone in here," said the father, while the mother, with joyful haste, tried to keep up with the dog. She called to the father that she had found the doll, and that the children could not be far off.

The dog went so fast through the wheat that they could not keep up with him. He was out of sight when they heard his glad bark, which told them that he had found the lost ones.

They came to the spot almost breathless, where Paul and Mary lay, hand in hand, their cheeks like roses wet with dew. Their curly heads lay on a heap of green wheat, and at their side was the bunch of flowers. The rays of the rising sun fell on the calm group.

The father and mother could not speak their joy and thanks. Paul woke first, and then Mary. She held out her hands to her mother and laughed. "O, we have had such nice dreams," she said; "and whenever we awoke we could smell of our beautiful flowers."



The father looked very grave, and said: "You have done wrong to run away without leave. You might have been lost, and died of cold, or for want of food. Your mother and I have been in grief all night. We have not been asleep."

Then Paul said, "O father; I will never go out again without leave. I did not know we should be lost. I will never do so again."

"Nor I," said Mary; and she held fast by her mother's hand. Paul walked with his father, and the dog went bounding in front, as if proud of his exploit.

mīssed	im-mē'di-ate-ly	sēarched	dīs-cōv'ered
dāwn	sīghed ¹	chīl'dren	sūd'den

¹ Pron. sīd.

IX.—SONG OF THE SNOW BIRD.

THE ground was all covered with snow one day,
And two little sisters were busy at play,
When a snow bird was sitting close by on a tree,
And merrily singing his chick-a-de-de.

He had not been singing his tune very long
Ere Emily heard him, so loud was his song.
“O sister, look out of the window,” said she;
“Here’s a dear little bird singing chick-a-de-de.

“Poor fellow! he walks in the snow and the sleet,
And has neither stockings nor shoes on his feet;
I pity him so! how cold he must be!
And yet he keeps singing his chick-a-de-de.

“If I were a barefooted snow bird, I know
I would not stay out in the cold and the snow;
I wonder what makes him so full of his glee;
He’s all the time singing that chick-a-de-de.

“O mother, do get him some stockings and shoes,
And a nice little frock, and a hat, if he choose;
I wish he’d come into the parlor and see
How warm we would make him, poor chick-a-de-de.”

The bird had flown down for some pieces of bread,
And heard every word little Emily said:
“How queer I should look in that dress!” thought he;
And he laughed as he warbled his chick-a-de-de.

"I'm grateful," he said, "for the wish you express,
But I've no occasion for such a fine dress;
I would rather remain with my limbs all free,
Than to hobble about singing chick-a-de-de.

"There is *one*, my dear child, though I can't tell who,
Has clothed me already, and warm enough too.
Good morning! O, who are so happy as we?"
And away he went, singing his chick-a-de-de.

sīt'ting	slēēt	stōck'ings	bāre'foot-əd ³
chôôse	wārm	wār'bled	ex-prēss'
līmbs ¹	mēr'ri-ly	nēi'ther	pīt'y
oc-cā'sion ²	clōthed	quēēr	grāte'fāl

X.—THE BEAR AT SCHOOL.

JAMES BROWN lived in the country. One day, when he was walking in the woods, he saw something at the foot of a tall pine tree which looked like a large black ball.

While he was looking, he thought he saw the black thing move. So he went softly up to it, and saw that it was a young bear. "I must mind what I am about," said he to himself; "for though you are too young to have teeth, your mother may not be far off, and I should not like to feel her teeth or claws; or even to have a kind hug from her."

¹ Pron. līmz. ² ək-kā'shən ³ bār'fūt-əd.

James looked at the tree, and saw that the trunk was much worn by the claws of a bear. The marks showed that bears had both gone up and come down the tree, and he could just see that there was a large hole at the top of the trunk, from which the young bear had probably fallen.

All this time, the young bear lay quite still. James looked up at the tree once more, and round on all sides ; for he thought that the old bear might be lurking in the brushwood close by, or in some hole in the ground.

When he saw that the old bear was not near, he stooped down and snatched up the cub, and ran off as fast as he could. He still kept a sharp lookout, lest the old bear should rush out upon him from some hiding place.

James knew that the speed of the black bear was very great, and that when they lose their cubs, they are very fierce ; so he meant, if he saw any thing of the old bear, to drop the cub and run away. But no old bear was to be seen, and James reached home in safety with his prize.

His father was standing at the door, and asked him what he had in his arms.

"A young bear, father," said he. "O, he is such a fat thing ; and he is very warm and soft."

"And what do you mean to do with him ?" asked his father.

"I mean to keep him," answered James, "if you will give me leave."

"Keep him ! my boy," replied his father ; "why,

he will eat you up, one of these days, if you do."

"No, father," said James; "I think I can tame him. I am almost sure that I can, if you will let me try."

"There is but one way to tame him," said his father; "and that is, to be kind to him. The law of love is good for all. It is good for man and beast. You must feed him well, and never beat him."

James thanked his father, and kept the bear. He fed it, for the first two or three months, on bread and milk, and then he gave it fruit and bread, and now and then some meat. The bear grew large and strong, and was very fond of James; and at last he became as tame as a house dog.

sōme'thing	mōve	clāwz	hōle
brūsh'wood ¹	quīte	snātched	spēēd
fiēce	rēached	prīze	lēave
mōnthz	tāme	tāll	hīm-sēlf
wōrn	prōb'ā-bly	lūr'k'ing	stōōped
hīd'ing	lōse	mēant	sāfe'ty
āsked	wēll	grew	āl'mōst

XI.—THE BEAR AT SCHOOL, CONCLUDED.

JAMES went to a school about a mile from home, and one day the bear followed him. The school boys were afraid of him at first; but when they

¹ From brūsh'wōd.



saw how tame and playful he was, they became very fond of him, and James took him to school with him every day.

In school hours he was shut up in the woodshed; and when the boys came out they had great sport in playing with him. They gave him a share of the bread and fruit which they brought to school in their bags; and when it was very cold weather, they let him go into the school room, at noon, to warm himself, and to eat his dinner with them.

Two years had passed, when one day James called his bear to go to school; but he did not come. Search was made for him, but he could not be found. He had doubtless gone away to live in the woods. James bore his loss as well as he could, but the

bear was greatly missed by himself and all the school boys.

Four more years passed, and there was a great change in the school. It was now kept by another teacher, and all the boys who had been at school in the time of James and his bear were gone.

The ground had been hard with frost and white with snow for six weeks, when, one very cold day, while the teacher was hearing a class spell, a boy went out to get some wood for the fire. He left the door half open, and a large bear walked in.

The teacher and children were all in a great fright; but they could not run out, for the bear stood in the doorway. All they could do was to get behind the desks, and keep as still as they could.

But the bear took no notice of them. He walked up to the fireplace and warmed himself, and looked as if he were quite at home. At length he walked up to the wall, where, on a row of pegs, the boys and girls had hung their bags.

Standing upon his hind legs, he put his fore paws and nose into the bags, one by one, and helped himself to the fruit and bread which he found there. He next tried to open the teacher's drawer; but this was locked. He then went back to the fire, warmed himself once more, and walked leisurely out of the door.

As soon as the teacher and the children dared to move, they left their hiding places, and ran out into the road, and called for help. Some men came

from a farm house close by, and tracking the bear through the fields, by the print of his feet in the snow, soon came up with him, and surrounded him.

They were armed with large clubs, and intended to kill him; but just at that moment James happened to come that way, and he knew the bear by some well-known marks on the skin. When he called to him, the bear was glad to see him, and followed him home.

He staid but a few days, however, and then ran away again into the woods, as he probably had found new companions there among the bears.

fōl'lōwed	bə-cāme'	wēath'ēr	pāssed
dōūbt'less ¹	mīssed	frīght ⁴	drāw'ēr
ə-frāid'	brōught ³	yēarş	sēarch
greāt'ly	fōur	nō'tice	lōcked
lēiş'ure-ly ²	sūr-rōūnd'əd	in-tēnd'əd	com-pān'ions
hid'ing	ārmed	hāp'ened ⁵	wāll

XII.—THE CRUST OF BREAD.

I MUST not throw upon the floor
 The crust I cannot eat;
 For many little hungry ones
 Would think it quite a treat.

¹ Pron. dōūt'les

² lē'şur-lē.

³ brāt.

⁴ frīt.

⁵ hāp'ned.

For wilful waste makes woful want,
 And I may live to say,
 O, how I wish I had the bread
 That once I threw away!

trēat
 wō'fūl

wāste
 ōnce¹

threw²
 wānt

wīl'fūl
 brēad

XIII.—HYMN OF PRAISE.

WHENE'ER I take my walks abroad,
 How many poor I see!
 What shall I render to my God
 For all his gifts to me?

Nót more than others I deserve,
 Yet God has given me more;
 For I have food while others starve,
 And beg from door to door.

While many early learn to swear,
 And curse, and lie, and steal,
 Lord, I am taught thy name to fear,
 And do thy holy will.

Are these thy favors, day by day,
 To me above the rest?
 Then let me love thee more than they,
 And try to serve thee best.

broâd'	rën'der	de-serve'	ëar'ly
cürse	fä'vorş	pôôr	gîfts
stärve	swear X	stêal	sêrve

XIV.—THE LOST CHILD.

A POOR man went out one day to cut some peat¹ in a meadow which lay among the hills. It was a lonely place, and he took his son with him, a child about four years old.

While he was at work, the boy was at play, trying to catch a kid which was feeding on the hill. The kid ran about, now here, now there, jumping over the rocks, skipping over heaps of stones, and running up and down the grassy mounds, with the boy in full chase after him.

The man saw that the child was pleased with the sport, and went on with his work. After a time he looked up again, but he could not see the child. He was afraid that he might have fallen into some of the peat holes, or over some of the rocks, and he went to look for him.

He called him in vain. He could see nothing of him. He heard nothing but the sound of his own voice. At length he came upon the prints of the child's footsteps in the soft part of the meadow; but he did not cross over a stone wall which ran along the steep and rocky side of a hill down to the

¹ *Peat*, a species of turf, composed of vegetable matter, used for fuel.

edge of a stream. He thought so young a child could not climb over the wall.

Night came on, and, meeting a shepherd, he asked him to go home for help. Friends and neighbors came, and with them the mother, to aid in the search for the poor child on those wild and rocky hills.

One of the men, having crossed the stone wall, called out to the rest to come over. "Look here," said he; "here are the prints of the child's feet plain enough. They look as if he had been chasing something."

"Yes," said the father; "he was chasing a young kid; I little thought he would stray away from me." They followed the footsteps down to the brink of a stream, where they lost all trace of them.

"O, my child! my darling child!" said the poor mother, as she wept and wrung her hands. "He has fallen into the stream, and is surely drowned."

"Keep up your heart, wife," said the father; "he may be safe. We will not give him up yet." They went some way along the banks of the stream, till they again found the prints of the child's bare feet on the soft sand of a small brook. They now went on with more hope.

skîp'ping rûn'ning

prints êdge

crôssed chās'ing

sûre'ly¹ drôwned

grâss'y

shêp'hêrd²

trâce

bâre

môûnds

frîênds

wrûng

bânks

¹ Pron. shûr'ly.

² shêp'hêrd.

XV.—THE LOST CHILD, CONCLUDED.

NIGHT was coming on fast, and it grew dark upon the hills. It was a wild, lonely place. The moon showed some light, but the clouds were thick and black.

The search had gone on since noon, and when they had walked nearly five miles, they began to think it useless to go farther. The poor mother was in great grief, fearing to find her child dead at the foot of some steep rock, or drowned in the stream.

Just at this time, when some of the men stood still, saying that it was useless to go on, and that it was too dark to see any thing, a man who had gone on before shouted out, "Come on! come on! Here is the boy's hat in the stream, stopped by a large stone as it was floating down."

Then the father and mother both wept; and the father said, "The poor boy is certainly drowned."

"Come on! come on!" again shouted the man in front; "do not give him up. He may have dropped his hat. Come on! I think I see something now. Look! here he is!" And there indeed was the child on the bank, lying with his feet in the stream, and his head on a stone, not dead, but sound asleep.

The poor mother could not speak, but the father cried out, "David! David! are you alive?"

The child raised his head from the stone, and



said, "O father, why did you not come to help me catch the little kid?"

It was evident to them all that the child had gone on in chase of the kid from rock to rock, over rough ground and soft, with bare feet, for nearly five miles, and no harm had befallen him.

He had sat down to rest and wash his feet, and had fallen asleep. He did not know how far he was from home, and when he awoke, his first thought was of the kid. He was much too young to know the risk he had run, or the grief he had caused to his father and mother.

dropped
search

ev'i-dent
ūse'less¹

caused
stōpped

plāce
rāised

¹ Pron. yūs'less.

XVI.—THE OLD BEGGAR.

AROUND the fire, one wintry night,
The farmer's rosy children sat;
The fagot lent its blazing light,
And jokes went round, and harmless chat.

When, hark! a gentle hand they hear
Low tapping at the bolted door,
And thus, to gain their willing ear,
A feeble voice was heard implore: —

“Cold blows the blast across the moor,
The sleet drives hissing in the wind;
Yon toilsome mountain lies before,
A dreary, treeless waste behind.

“My eyes are weak and dim with age;
No road, no path can I descry;
And these poor rags ill stand the rage
Of such a keen, inclement sky.

“So faint I am, these tottering feet
No more my palsied frame can bear;
My freezing heart forgets to beat,
And drifting snows my tomb prepare.

“Open your hospitable door;
And shield me from the biting blast;
Cold, cold it blows across the moor,
The weary moor that I have passed.”

With hasty steps the farmer ran,
 And close beside the fire they place
 The poor, half-frozen beggar man,
 With shaking limbs and pale, blue face.

The little children flocking came,
 And chafed his frozen hands in theirs;
 And busily the good old dame
 A comfortable mess prepares.

Their kindness cheered his drooping soul,
 And slowly down his wrinkled cheek
 The big round tear was seen to roll,
 And told the thanks he could not speak.

The children then began to sigh,
 And all their merry chat was o'er;
 And yet they felt, they knew not why,
 More glad than they had done before.

běg'gar	rō'sy	blāz'ing	tăp'ping
hīss'ing	mōūn'tain	wāste	in-clēm'ent
pāl'sied	bīt'ing	frō'zen	hōs'pī-tā-ble
buș'i-ly ¹	chēered	wīn'try	făg'ot
jōkes	fēē'ble	tōil'some	drea'ry
de-scrī'	tōt'ter-īng	pre-pare'	shīeld
wēa'ry	līmbș ²	drôp'ing	côm'fort-a-ble
wrīn'kled ³	rōll	mēr'ry	sīgh ⁴



XVII.—THE BLACKBERRY GIRL.

WHY, Phebe, have you come so soon ?
Where are your berries, child ?
You cannot, sure, have sold them all ;
You had a basket piled.

No, mother ; as I climbed the fence,
The nearest way to town,
My apron caught upon a stake,
And so I tumbled down.

I scratched my arm and tore my hair,
But still did not complain ;
And had my blackberries been safe,
Should not have cared a grain.

But when I saw them on the ground,
 All scattered by my side,
 I picked my empty basket up,
 And down I sat and cried.

Just then a pretty little miss
 Chanced to be walking by ;
 She stopped, and, looking pitiful,
 She begged me not to cry.

Poor little girl, you fell, said she,
 And must be sadly hurt ;
 O, no, I cried ; but see my fruit
 All mixed with sand and dirt !

Well, do not grieve for that, she said ;
 Go home and get some more.
 Ah, no ; for I have stripped the vines ;
 These were the last they bore.

bläck'ber-ry	climbed ¹	caught	tüm'bled
com-pläin'	scät'tered	chanced	hürt
stripped	bër'ries	ä'pron ²	üp-ön'
scratched	cäred	ěmp'ty ³	pīt'i-fül

XVIII.—THE BLACKBERRY GIRL, CONTINUED.

My father, miss, is very poor,
 And works in yonder stall ;

¹ Pres. klmd. ² ä'pron. ³ ěm'ty.

He has so many little ones,
He cannot clothe us all.

I always longed to go to church,
But never could I go ;
For when I asked him for a gown,
He always answered, No ;—

There's not a father in the world
That loves his children more ;
I'd get you one, with all my heart,
But, Phebe, I am poor.

But when the blackberries were ripe,
He said to me, one day,
Phebe, if you will take the time
That's given you for play,

And gather blackberries enough,
And carry them to town,
To buy your bonnet and your shoes,
I'll try to get a gown.

O miss, I fairly jumped for joy,
My spirits were so light ;
And so, when I had leave to play,
I picked with all my might.

I sold enough to get my shoes,
About a week ago ;

And these, if they had not been spilt,
Would buy a bonnet too.

yŏn'dər	ān'swəred ²	Phē'bə	shōes ⁴
spīr'its	spīlt	lōnged	gōwn
bŏn'net	fāir'ly	pīcked	cār'ry

XIX.—THE BLACKBERRY GIRL, CONCLUDED.

BUT now they're gone, they all are gone,
And I can get no more ;
And Sundays I must stay at home,
Just as I did before.

And, mother, then I cried again,
As hard as I could cry ;
And, looking up, I saw a tear
Was standing in her eye.

She caught her bonnet from her head ;
Here, here ! she cried, take this !
O, no, indeed ; I fear your ma
Would be offended, miss.

My ma ! no, never ! she delights
All sorrow to beguile ;
And 'tis the sweetest joy she feels,
To make the wretched smile.

² ān'sərd

⁴ shōs.

She taught me, when I had enough,
 To share it with the poor,
 And never let a needy child
 Go empty from the door.

So take it; for you need not fear
 Offending her, you see;
 I have another, too, at home;
 And one's enough for me.

So then I took it; here it is;
 For pray what could I do?
 And, mother, I shall love that miss
 As long as I love you.

sör'rōw	wrēтч'ed	share	nēēd
bē-guile' ¹	swēēt'est	nēēd'y	an-ōth'er

XX.—HONESTY REWARDED.

JOSEPH SMITH was the son of poor parents, and a very honest boy. He would not tell a lie or do a mean action for the world.

One day he was sent to a store in the neighborhood, and a bank note was given to him to get changed. When he came home he counted the money to see that all was right; when he found that a quarter of an eagle had been given to him instead of a dime.

¹ Pron. bē-gīl.

He went back to the store with the money in his hand, and addressing himself to the man who had served him, said, "Sir, I am come to tell you that you did not give me the right change."

The shopman hastily replied, "I am certain I gave it to you right, and you must have dropped some of it in going home."

"No, sir," returned Joseph; "it was carefully wrapped up in this paper, and when I came to count it over, I found ——"

"Ah," interrupted the shopman, "it does not signify telling us what you found; we have not time to attend to this kind of things; if it had not been meddled with from the time I gave it to you, you would have found it all right."

The owner of the store, happening to overhear something of the dispute, came up and asked Joseph what he missed.

"I do not miss any thing, sir," replied the boy; "but I have brought back a quarter of an eagle, which was given me in mistake; will you please to take it, and give me a dime instead?"

"Certainly I will," said the gentleman; "and I am very much obliged to you for your honesty. You seem to be a poor boy, and as the money was given in mistake, and you were not known at the store, it would very likely never have been missed or traced. The thought of this must have been a strong temptation to you to keep it for your own use; how was it that you resisted it?"

"I have been taught, sir," said Joseph, "that my duty to my neighbor is, *To do to others as I should wish them to do to me*, if I were in their place. I know that if I had given but a cent in mistake, I should wish to have it returned, much more such a sum as this. So I made haste back with it, before there was time to be tempted to keep it."

"You have acted wisely and nobly," said the man; "may you ever be enabled to persevere in the path of rectitude. But now, as you have judged so fairly, and performed so faithfully what I had a right to desire of you, tell me, what do you think you can reasonably desire of me?"

"That you should think me an honest boy, sir."

"I do think you are an honest boy, and will give you a convincing proof of it. I have just now been inquiring after the character of a boy, who has applied to me for employment; he is a much stouter lad than you, and his employer tells me that he is quick and intelligent, but he fears that he is not strictly honest.

This is a character I cannot bear; but your conduct, my boy, in this instance, is a good character for you. I value integrity far above the highest abilities; so go home to your parents, and tell them that if they are willing, you may come here to-morrow morning."

Joseph and his parents were pleased with so good an offer. Joseph went to his place the next day. He gave great satisfaction to his employer by his

fidelity, diligence, and civility. When he became a man he was made a partner in the business, and is now respected by all who know him.

hôn'es-ty ¹	lie	ác'tiôn ⁶	côûnt'ed
quâr'ter	dîme	sêrved	hâs'ti-ly
cêr'tain	wrâpped ⁴	sîg'nî-fy	ât-tënd'
ôwn'er	dis-pûte'	brôught ⁷	cêr'tain-ly
têmp-tâ'tiôn ²	âct'ed	pêr-fôrmed'	nô'bly
pêr-se-vêre'	sân	rêa'son-a-bly	côn-vîn'cing
châr'ac-ter	vâl'ue ⁵	bus'iness ⁸	în-têl'li-gent
êm-plôy'ment	cî-vîl'i-ty	rê-wârd'ed	mêan
chânged	môn'ey	êa'gle	ad-drêss'ing
right ³	rê-plîed'	rê-tûrned'	têll'ing
în-têr-rûpt'ed	mîssed	hâp'pen-ing ⁹	mêd'dled
mîs-take'	trâced	rê-sîst'ed	têmp't'ed ¹⁰
ên-â'bled	wîsê'ly	rêc'tî-tûde	jûdged
dê-sîrê'	stôût'er	în-quîr'ing	ap-plîed'
â-bîl'i-tîes	strîct'ly	dîl'i-gence	tô-mô'r-rôw

XXI.—THE YOUNG RABBITS.

~~Look~~ James Truman and his brother Richard asked their father, one Saturday afternoon, if they might go into the meadow to see Roger mow. Their father gave them liberty, and they went off with great glee.

They were much pleased with seeing how smoothly

¹ Fróm. ² tēm-tā'shūn. ³ rīt. ⁴ rāpt. ⁵ vāl'yū. ⁶ kē'shūn.
⁷ brāut. ⁸ bîs'nēs. ⁹ hāp'pū-îng. ¹⁰ tēmt'ed.

Roger cut the grass, and laid it in even rows ; and they took care to keep out of the way of his scythe, as their father had told them to do.

After they had been some time in the field, they heard a little squeak. Roger laid down his scythe, to see what it was, and found two young rabbits.

Roger took them up very carefully by their long ears, and putting one of them into Richard's hat, and the other into James's, desired them to take them to their mother.

The little boys were much delighted with their prize, and carried them very gently. "What have you there?" said their mother, when they came into the room.

"Two pretty little rabbits, mother," said Richard, "that were lying snug in the grass, and were in danger of being cut with Roger's scythe. He found them, and gave them to us."

"I am glad that they were not hurt," said the mother. "We must put them into a safe place, and take care of them until they are able to take care of themselves."

She then desired the boys to take them into the summer house, in the garden. She told them that they must remember to feed them every day with parsley and young cabbage leaves, and give them some milk to drink ; for it would be very cruel to let them be without food, when they have no mother to provide for them.

James and Richard were very attentive to what their mother said, and took the rabbits to the sum-

mer house. They gave them some hay to lie upon, a handful of parsley to eat, and a saucer full of milk. When the boys came out, they took care to shut the door fast, that the dog might not go in.

The rabbits were at first very much frightened. They sat trembling in a corner, with their ears laid close upon their backs, and were afraid to come out to eat their food.

They ventured, however, to eat some of it the next morning; but when the little boys came to see them, they ran into the corner again.



James and his brother went to visit them very often; and the rabbits in time became so well acquainted with them that they would run to meet them whenever they entered the summer house.

When they took them upon their knees, they would drum upon their waistcoats with their fore feet.

In two or three months the rabbits had grown large enough to take care of themselves. The boys were therefore told by their father and mother that it would be better for the rabbits to let them run at liberty through the fields and woods.

The boys were very sorry to part with their play-fellows; but as they had been told by their parents that it was not well to have them confined longer in the summer house, they carried them into the fields and set them down upon the grass.

The rabbits were quite delighted to find themselves at liberty; and after playing with the boys a little while, pricked up their ears and scampered away as fast as they could run.

The next day they returned to the summer house; but seeing the dog in the garden, they became frightened, and ran away into the woods, and never returned.

răb'bits	măad'ow	lib'er-ty	rōwș
squēak	prīze	căb'bage	ăt-tên'tive
sâu'cer	trēm'bling	wăist'coats ¹	vên'tured ⁴
sôr'ry	con-fined'	scăm'pered	Săt'ur-day
mōw	smôôth'ly	scythe ²	pût'ting
părs'ley	crû'el	frīght'ened ³	hănd'fûl
côr'ner	ac-quăint'ed	fōre	fêl'lōwș

¹ Pron. wăist'kots or wês'kots.

² sith.

³ frī'tud.

⁴ vên't'yard.

XXII.—THE CHILD'S WISH IN JUNE.

MOTHER, dear mother, the winds are at play ·
Prithee, let me be idle to-day :
Look, dear mother ; the flowers all lie
Languidly, under the bright blue sky.

See, how slowly the streamlet glides ;
Look, how the violet roguishly hides ;
Even the butterfly rests on the rose,
And scarcely sips the sweets as he goes.

Poor Tray is asleep in the noonday sun,
And the flies go about him one by one ;
And pussy sits near with a sleepy grace,
Without ever thinking of washing her face.

There flies a bird to a neighboring tree,
But very lazily flieth he,
And he sits and twitters a gentle note,
That scarcely ruffles his little throat.

You bid me be busy ; but, mother, hear
How the humdrum grasshopper soundeth near ;
And the soft west wind is so light in its play,
It scarcely moves a leaf on the spray.

I wish, O, I wish I was yonder cloud,
That sails about with its misty shroud ;
Books and work I no more should see,
And I'd come and float, dear mother, o'er thee.

wīnds	lān'guīd-ly	strēam'let	būt'ter-fly
ə-slēep'	lā'zi-ly	twīt'ters	thrōat
shrōūd	sōūnd'eth	prīth'ee	slōw'ly
pūs'sy	rō'guish-ly	scārce'ly	flī'eth
rūf'fles	grāss'hōp-pər	mīst'y	sāils

 XXIII.—FRANK AND ROBERT.

ONE evening Frank and Robert were playing together in a room by themselves; their mother was ironing in an adjoining room, and their father was at work out in the fields. There was nobody in the room with them but a little dog, named Trusty, who was lying by the fireside. Trusty was a pretty playful little dog, and the children were very fond of him.

"Come," said Robert to Frank, "there is Trusty lying beside the fire asleep. Let us go and waken him, and he will play with us." Frank assented, and they both ran together towards him.

There was a basin of milk standing upon the hearth, and the boys did not see it, for it was behind them. As they were both playing with the dog, they hit it with their feet and threw it down. The basin broke, and all the milk ran out of it over the hearth and about the floor.

When the boys saw what they had done, they were very sorry and frightened. They stood for some time looking at the broken basin and the milk without speaking.

Robert broke the silence. "So we shall have no milk for supper to-night," said he, and he sighed.

"No milk for supper," said Frank; "why not? Is there no more milk in the house?"

"Yes," said Robert; "but we shall have none of it; for do you not remember that last Monday, when we spilled the milk, mother said we were very careless, and that the next time we did so we should have no milk for supper? and this is the next time."

"We must do without it then," said Frank; "but we will be more careful another time. There is no great harm done, at any rate. Come, let us go and tell mother. You know she has told us always to tell her when we break any thing."

"I will go directly," said Robert. "Do not be in such a hurry, Frank. Can you not wait a minute?"

Frank waited some time, and then said, "Come, Robert, let us go now." But Robert said, "Stay a little longer; for I dare not go yet; I am afraid."

Children should never be afraid to tell the truth, but should always own frankly all that they have done that is wrong.

Frank said no more; but as his brother would not go, he went without him. He opened the door of the next room, where he thought his mother was ironing; but when he went in, he found she had gone out. So he went into the garden to look after her, to tell her what had happened.

Whilst Frank was gone, Robert was left in the room by himself; and all the while he was alone,

he was thinking of some excuses to make to his mother. He was sorry that Frank was gone to tell her the truth. "If Frank and I," said he to himself, "were both to say that we did not throw down the basin, she would believe us, and then we should have milk for supper. I am sorry that Frank would go to tell her about it."

ir'on-ing ¹	wā'ken ³	tōw'ards	heārth ⁵
sī'lence	spīlled	breāk	frānk'ly
ex-cūs'es	əd-jōin'ing	əs-sent'ed	bā'sin ⁶
wrōng ²	sighed ⁴	dī-rēct'ly	hūr'ry

XXIV.—FRANK AND ROBERT, CONCLUDED.

At this moment Robert heard his mother coming down stairs; and then he determined to tell her a lie. So when she came into the room and asked, "Who did this?" Robert said, "I do not know."

"You do not know, Robert? Tell me the truth. I shall not be angry with you, child. You will only lose the milk at supper; and as for the basin, I would rather have you break all the basins in the house than to tell me a lie. I ask you, Robert, did you break the basin?"

"No, mother, I did not," said Robert, and he colored like fire.

¹ Pron. i'urn-ing. ² rōng. ³ wā'kn. ⁴ sīd. ⁵ hārth. ⁶ bā'an.



“Then where is Frank? Did he do it?” asked his mother.

“No, he did not,” said Robert; for he was in hopes that when Frank came in he should persuade him to say that he did not do it. “It was Trusty who did it.”

“Trusty, Trusty,” said the mother, turning round, and the dog, who was lying before the fire drying his legs, which were wet with milk, jumped up and came to her. Then she said, “Fie! fie! Trusty,” pointing to the milk. “Get me a switch out of the garden, Robert; Trusty must be whipped for this.”

Robert went out after the switch, and in the garden he met his brother. He stopped him, and told him, in a great hurry, all that he had said to

his mother, and begged of him not to tell the truth, but to tell the same story as he had told.

"No, I will not tell a lie," said Frank. "What! is Trusty to be whipped? He did not throw down the milk, and he shall not be whipped for it. Let me go to my mother."

They both ran towards the house, but Robert got in first, and bolted the door, so that Frank could not get in. He then gave the switch to his mother.

Poor Trusty looked up as the switch was raised over his head; but he could not speak to tell the truth. Just as the mother was about to strike him, Frank's voice was heard at the window.

"Stop; stop, mother!" said he, as loud as he could. "Trusty did not do it. Let me in. Robert and I did it; but do not whip Robert."

"Let us in! let us in!" said another voice, which Robert knew was his father's. "I am just come from work, and here is the door bolted."

Robert turned pale when he heard his father's voice; for his father always punished him when he told a lie. His mother went to the door, and unlocked it. "What is all this trouble?" said his father, as he came in; so his mother told him all that had happened.

"Where is the switch with which you were going to whip Trusty?" said he.

Then Robert, who saw by his father's looks that he was going to whip him, cried, "Forgive me, father, this time, and I will never tell a lie again."

But his father took hold of him by the arm, and said, "I will whip you now, and then I hope that you will not." Robert cried so loud that the whole neighborhood could hear him.

"There," said his father; "now you must go to bed without your supper. See how liars are served."

Then turning to Frank, he said, "You will have no milk for supper; but you have told the truth, and have not been whipped. Every body is pleased with you. I will give you Trusty, to be your own dog. You have saved him from a whipping, and I will answer for it that you will be a good master to him."

We see by this story that it is always best to tell the truth, and that falsehood leads to trouble and vexation.

án'gry	pər-suāde' ¹	swítch	bólt'əd
pūn'ished	whýp'ping	fālse'hood ²	cól'ored
drý'ing	whýpped	rāised	tróub'le ³

XXV.—THE ORANGE MAN.

EARLY one summer morning, as Charles Morton was going along the road to school, he met a man

¹ Pron. pər-swād' ² fāls'hūd. ³ trúb'bl.

leading a horse, which was laden with a pannier.¹

The man stopped at the door of a public house, and said to the landlord, who was standing there, "I shall not have my horse unloaded; I wish only to stop with you while I eat my breakfast. Give my horse to some one to hold here at the door, and let him have some hay to eat."

The landlord called to the hostler, but he was not to be found. He then beckoned to Charles, who was going by, and asked him to hold the horse.

"O!" said the man; "but can you answer for his being an honest boy? There are oranges in my baskets, and it is not every little boy that one can leave with oranges."

"Yes," said the landlord, "I have known Charles from the cradle upwards, and I never knew him to tell a lie or to do a dishonest thing. I will warrant that your oranges will be as safe with him as if you watched them yourself."

"Can you?" said the orange man; "then I will engage, my boy, to give you the finest orange in my baskets, when I come back from breakfast, if you will take care of them while I am away."

Charles promised that he would do so, and the man put the bridle into his hand, and went into the house to eat his breakfast.

Charles had stood by the horse about five minutes, when he saw one of his school-fellows coming towards

¹ *Pan'nier*, a vehicle consisting of two baskets thrown across a horse, in which fruit and other articles are carried.

him. As he came nearer, Charles saw that it was Edward Mason.

Edward stopped as he passed, and said, "Good morning, Charles. What are you doing there? Whose horse is that? and what have you in the baskets?"

"There are oranges in the baskets," said Charles; "a man who is just gone into the house to eat his breakfast asked me to take care of them. He said he would give me an orange when he came out."



"An orange!" said Edward; "are you to have a whole orange? I wish I was to have one. Let me see how large they are." Saying this, he went towards the pannier, and lifted up the cloth that covered it.

"O, what fine oranges!" he exclaimed, the moment he saw them. Let me take one of them in my hand, and see if it is ripe."

"No," said Charles; "you had better not meddle with them. They are not yours, and you must not touch them."

"Not touch them!" said Edward; "there is no harm in touching them. You do not think I mean to steal one, I suppose." So Edward put his hand into the basket, and took out an orange.

"It smells very sweet," said he, "and it feels very ripe. How I long to taste it! I will only just suck one drop of juice at the top." Saying these words, he put the orange to his mouth.

ēarly ¹	pān'niēr ³	ŭn-lōad'əd	thrōwn
hōst'ler ²	ŏr'an-gēs	dīz-hŏn'ĕst ⁴	prŏm'ised
cōv'ered	mēd'dle	jūice ⁵	lā'den
pūb'lic	vē'hī-cle	ār'tī-cleſ	bēck'oned
lēave	fīn'ĕst	mīn'utes ⁶	ex-clāimed'

XXVI.—THE ORANGE MAN, CONTINUED.

Boys who wish to be honest should beware of temptation. People are always led on by little and little to do wrong. The sight of the oranges tempted Edward to touch one of them; the touch

¹ Pron. ār'lq.

² ōs'lq.

³ pān'yēr or pān'nq-ēr.

⁴ dīz-ŏn'ĕst.

⁵ jūis.

⁶ mīn'uts or mīn'jts.

tempted him to smell it ; and the smell tempted him to taste it.

"What are you about, Edward ?" asked Charles, taking hold of his arm. "You said that you only wanted to see if the oranges were ripe. Do put it down. For shame !"

"Do not say 'for shame' to me," said Edward, in a surly tone ; "the oranges are not yours, Charles."

"No, they are not mine," said Charles ; "but I promised to take care of them, and I will ; so put down the orange."

"O, if it comes to that, I will not," said Edward ; "and let us see who can make me, if I do not choose it ; I am stronger than you."

"I am not afraid of you, for all that," replied Charles, "for I am in the right." Then he snatched the orange out of Edward's hand, and pushed him with great force from the basket.

Edward immediately returned, and struck Charles a violent blow, which almost stunned him.

Charles, however, without minding the pain, persevered in defending what was left in his care. He still held the bridle with one hand, and covered the basket with his other arm, as well as he could.

Edward struggled to get his hand into the panniers again, but he could not ; and finding that he could not succeed by strength, he had recourse to cunning.

He therefore pretended to be out of breath, and to desist ; but he meant, as soon as Charles looked away, to creep softly round to the basket on the other side.

Cunning people, though they think themselves very wise, are almost always very silly. Edward, intent upon stealing oranges, forgot that if he went too close to the horse's heels, he should startle him.

The horse, disturbed by the bustle near him, had already left off eating his hay; and when he felt something touching his hind legs, he gave a sudden kick, and Edward fell backwards just as he had seized an orange.

Edward screamed with pain, and at the noise all the people came out of the public house to see what was the matter; and amongst them came the orange man. Edward was now so much ashamed that he almost forgot the pain, and wished to run away; but he was so much hurt that he was obliged to sit down again..

bə-wāre'	sūr'ly	snātched	īm-mē'di-ate-ly
stūnned	měant	sūc-cēd'	də-fěnd'ing
cūn'ning	stēal'ing	dīs-tūrbed'	toūch'ing
sēized	ə-mōngst'	chôôse	strōng'er ¹
force	vī'q-lent	pēr-se-vēred'	strūg'gled
re-cōurse'	də-sist'	sil'ly	stār'tle

XXVII.—THE ORANGE MAN, CONCLUDED.

THE truth of the matter was soon told by Charles, and no one pitied Edward for the pain which he felt.

¹ Pron. strōng'ger.

"He deserves it," said the landlord, "for meddling with what was not his own."

Charles was the only one who said nothing. He helped Edward away; for boys that are brave are always generous and good-natured.

"Come here," said the orange man, calling to Charles; "come here, my honest boy;" and he led Charles into the midst of the men, women, and children who had gathered round the place.

The orange man now took off Charles's hat, and filled it with fine large oranges. "There, my little friend," said he, "take them, and God bless you with them! If I could afford it, you should have all that I have in my baskets."

Then the people, and especially the children, shouted for joy; but as soon as there was silence, Charles said to the orange man, "I thank you with all my heart, but I cannot take your oranges. I will take only the one which I earned. I will not be paid for being honest. You may take the rest back again; but I thank you as much as if I had them."

Charles then offered to pour the oranges back into the basket; but the man would not let him. "Then," said he, "if they are honestly mine, I will give them away." So he gave them to the children, his companions, and without waiting for their thanks, pressed through the crowd, and ran towards home.

Edward went limping away, feeling very unhappy. He had no oranges to eat, nor had he any to give away. People must be honest before they can be generous. Edward sighed as he went towards home.

"And all this trouble and pain," said he to himself,
 "is for taking an orange that did not belong to me.
 It is better to be honest."

Yes, it is better to be honest than to be dishonest.
 It is never well to do wrong. Let every boy who
 reads this story consider whether he would rather
 have been the honest boy or the thief.

măt'ter	măd'dling	good-nā'tured ²	ōf'fered
wāit'ing	es-pě'cial-ly ¹	lĭmp'ing	pĭt'ied
gĕn'er-ōus	af-fōrd'	ĕarned ³	pōur

XXVIII.—DUTY TO OTHERS.

To do to others as I would
 That they should do to me,
 Will make me honest, kind, and good,
 As God commands to be.

We never need believe amiss,
 Nor feel uncertain long,
 As we can always tell by this
 If we are right or wrong.

I know I should not take, or use,
 The smallest thing I see,
 Which I should never like to lose,
 If it belonged to me.

¹ Pron. es-pěh'al-lē.

² gād-nāt'yurd.

³ ĕrnd.

And this plain rule forbids me quite
 To strike an angry blow,
 Because I should not think it right
 If others served me so.

Whether I am at home, at school,
 Or walking out abroad,
 I never should forget this rule
 Of Jesus Christ, the Lord.

òth'ery	ə-mýss'	ūse	lôse
còm-mānds'	fɔr-býds'	smáll'est	ün-cēr'taj̃n
bə-lônged' ¹	whěth'er	schôôl ²	fɔr-ġět'

XXIX.—CASABIANCA.¹

The boy stood on the burning deck,
 Whence all but him had fled;
 The flame that lit the battle's wreck
 Shone round him o'er the dead.

Yet beautiful and bright he stood,
 As born to rule the storm;
 A creature of heroic blood,
 A proud, though childlike form.

¹ Casabianca, a boy about thirteen years old, son of the Admiral of the Orient, remained at his post (in the battle of the Nile) after the ship had taken fire, and all the guns had been abandoned, and perished in the explosion of the vessel, when the flames had reached the powder.

¹ *Pron.* bə-lôngd'. ² skôl.

The flames rolled on,— he would not go
Without his father's word ;
That father, faint in death below,
His voice no longer heard.

He called aloud — “ Say, father, say
If yet my task is done ! ”
He knew not that the chieftain lay
Unconscious of his son.

“ Speak, father ! ” once again he cried,
“ If I may yet be gone ! ”
And but the booming shots replied,
And fast the flames rolled on.

Upon his brow he felt their breath,
And in his waving hair,
And looked from that lone post of death
In still, yet brave despair ! —

And shouted but once more aloud,
“ My father, must I stay ? ”
While o'er him fast, through sail and shroud,
The wreathing fires made way.

They wrapped the ship in splendor wild,
They caught the flag on high,
And streamed above the gallant child,
Like banners in the sky.

There came a burst of thunder sound —
The boy — O, where was he ?

Ask of the winds, that far around
With fragments strewed the sea —

With mast, and helm, and pennon fair,
That well had borne their part;
But the noblest thing that perished there,
Was that young, faithful heart,

whěnce	re-māined'	pěr'ished ³	vēs'sel
wrěck ¹	beau'ti-fŭl	ŭn-cŏn'scious	faint ⁵
wāv'ing	shrōūd	wrēath'ing	strēamed
băn'ners	frăg'ments	sēa ⁴	hělm
thīr'tēen	ă-băn'doned	ex-plō'sion	pŏw'der
shōne	hē-rŏ'ic	chief'tain	bôôm'ing
de-spāir'	shōût'ed	splēn'dor	găll'ant
thŭn'der	strewed ²	pěn'nŏn	făith'fŭl

XXX. — BRAVE BOBBY.

THERE was once a large ship that sailed from America to China. There were on board, besides other passengers, a gentleman with his wife and child, a little boy five years old, and a large Newfoundland dog called Bobby.

Every body in the ship liked Bobby, he was so good-tempered and frolicsome, but the little boy was the dog's constant playmate. He was a merry little fellow, and as fond of Bobby as Bobby was of him.

¹ Pron. rĕk. ² strūd rŏd. ³ pěr'jeht. ⁴ sē. ⁵ faint

One evening, the little boy and the dog were playing together on the deck, when the ship gave a roll, and splash went the child into the ocean.

A cry was raised that some one was overboard, and a boat was lowered as soon as possible. But Bobby immediately jumped overboard, and swam towards the stern¹ of the ship. The little boy's father, half frantic, leaped with others into the boat ;



but it was too dark to see far before them. All gave up the child as lost.

At last they heard a splash in the water. "Pull on quick," cried the father. The helmsman turned

¹ *Stern*, hinder part.

the tiller,¹ and the men pulled with fresh force, and in a moment brave Bobby, holding up the child with his mouth, was alongside. How rejoiced they all were to see him!

The boat was rowed back to the ship, the half-drowned boy was recovered, the parents were delighted, and brave Bobby was patted and caressed by every man on board the ship.

At the Cape of Good Hope Bobby's owner was to be landed. He got into the boat, with his wife and child; but he told the sailors to hold the dog tight by the collar, till the boat was some distance from the ship. "You will then see," said he, "what a good swimmer he is."

Bobby pulled and tugged to get loose, but all in vain, for they held him till the boat was near the shore. Then the gentleman held up his handkerchief as a signal, and the dog was set at liberty. Away he went full dash into the sea, and swam off with great delight.

Suddenly he set up a shrill howl, and threw himself out of the water. At first it was thought that he had the cramp, but it was worse than that—a shark was after him. "A shark! a shark!" sounded from the boat to the ship. Bobby swam right and left, and dived and turned round, showing his teeth, and never allowing the shark time to turn on his back, without doing which the monster could not bite him.

¹ *Tiller*, a piece of wood fixed in the rudder, which turns it, and so steers the boat. The man who holds the tiller is the *helmsman*.

The boat was hastily rowed back to save the dog; but the shark was swift and fierce. Poor Bobby was almost tired out with swimming and turning. Just as the boat got near, the shark turned on his back, and opened his horrid mouth. Bobby was all but gone, when his master levelled his gun at the shark and fired.

The water was tinged with blood, and the jaws of the shark were shattered. The gentleman pulled the dog into the boat, the child threw his little arms around him; and the men in the boat and the sailors in the ship cried out with joy, "Hurrah! Hurrah! Bobby is safe, the shark is killed! Hurrah! Hurrah!"

A-mër'i-ca	bə-sīdes'	gën'tle-mən	fröl'ic-sōme
fē'lōw	splāsh	lōw'ered	stērn
lēaped ¹	tīl'ler	frēsh	rə-jōiced'
shrīll	crāmp	əl-lōw'ing	tīred
hōr'rid	tīnged	pās'sen-gers	Chī'nā
cōn'stant	ō'cean ²	ō'ver-bōard	pōs'si-ble
frān'tic	hēlms'mən	pūlled	fōrce
rōwed	drōwned	hānd'ker-chief	cə-rēssed'

XXXI.—GERTRUDE AND HER BIRDS.

ONE day, when Gertrude May was walking with her mother, they met a boy who had a bird to sell.

¹ Pron. lépt. ² ō'ebun.

It was a little wild yellow bird ; such as fly about in the woods and fields. Gertrude's mother bought the bird, and the little girl was much pleased with it. The bird soon became so tame, that he would hop out of the cage, and sit on the rose bushes and geraniums that stood in the window. He would pick up crumbs from the breakfast table, and peck at the lump of sugar that Gertrude held in her hand.

Birds like a clean cage as well as little girls like a clean gown. Gertrude learned to brush out the cage very neatly, with a little broom, that she called her bird-broom. Every morning she gave him fresh seed, and filled his glass cup with clean water.

Sometimes she would place a large basin of water on the table near him. He liked to dive into it, "and dash about, and splash about, and shake his dripping wings." This was good sport for Gertrude. She loved dearly to see little Yellow-breast take a bath.

Her mother used to tell her that she must be very sure not to forget the little bird for a single day. "It is very cruel to let little birds want seeds or water," said she ; "it is bad enough to keep them shut up in a cage."

"Is not Yellow-breast happy in his cage ?" asked Gertrude.

"Not as happy as he would be flying in the woods," said her mother. "He feels just as you would if you were always shut up in a small room, and never allowed to go out."

"Then we ought to let him fly," said little Gertrude.

"The ground is covered with snow, now," replied her mother. "His toes would be cold on the ice, and he could not find any berries or seeds on the frosty bushes. I bought him of the boy, for fear he would not take good care of him through the winter. When the spring comes, we will let him go out among the trees and flowers, where he can find other little birds to play with."

"How long will it be before spring?" asked Gertrude.

Her mother replied that it would be about eight weeks. The little girl sighed. She wanted little Yellow-breast to be happy, but she did not like to think about his going away.

When the snow was all gone, and green leaves were on the bushes, Gertrude said, one morning, "Mother, if you think Yellow-breast will be happier out in the warm air, I am willing to let him go."

Her mother kissed her, and called her a kind little girl. They took the cage from the window, and went out into the garden together. The mother hung the cage on the bough of a cherry tree, and opened the door. Yellow-breast flew out, and perched on the green bough, and warbled a joyous song. He did not go out of the garden, and Gertrude staid and watched him a long time. Some other little birds came to see him; and they seemed to be talking together in the cherry tree. "I am glad he is so happy," said Gertrude.



The next morning she arose early, and went into the garden. She called Yellow-breast, but he did not come. When she went into the parlor, and looked at his empty cage, she felt so sad, that she sat down and cried.

Her mother came in and asked her what was the matter. "I do not want any breakfast," said Gertrude; "for little Yellow-breast will not come any more to eat my crumbs."

"Gertrude must not be selfish," said her mother. "It is selfish to think how sad you will feel at breakfast time, instead of thinking how happy little Yellow-breast will be, playing with other little birds in the open air. It is a long time since he has had any little birds to play with, and he will enjoy it very much."

Gertrude dried her eyes, and said, "I will try not to be selfish, mother. I am glad that Yellow-breast is happy with his little playmates."

After breakfast Gertrude went and studied her lesson, like a good girl.

sell	ge-rā'ni-ŭms	nēat'ly	drīp'ping
fly'ing	bēr'ries	eight ⁴	hăp'pi-er
bōugh ¹	wâr'bled	dried	bōught ⁶
clean	brōom	băth	al-lōwed'
through ²	sīghed ³	ăir ⁵	chēr'ry
sēlf'ish	stūd'ied	brēak'fast	lēs'son

XXXII.—GERTRUDE AND HER BIRDS.—CONCLUDED.

THE next morning, before Gertrude was up, she heard some little birds singing sweetly in the garden. "One of them sings just like Yellow-breast," said she. "Perhaps he has brought some little birds to thank us for taking care of him through the winter." She went into the garden, but could not distinguish him from the other birds.

Gertrude had two uncles that were sea captains. When they knew how fond she had been of little Yellow-breast, they brought her home some birds in their ships, from countries far off. Her mother told her that it would not do to open the cage and let them fly away; for they were used to living in

1 Pron. bōū. 2 thūd. 3 sīd. 4 eit. 5 ār. 6 bāwt.

very hot countries, and the weather in our country would kill them. So Gertrude said she would make them as happy as she could in a cage.

After little Yellow-breast was gone, her first favorite was a very beautiful paroquet,¹ famous for his music. Gertrude soon learned to love this little bird more than she had ever loved the Yellow-bird. It could whistle any tune it had ever heard; and its voice was very soft and sweet.

Gertrude was never tired of hearing the bird sing; but she did not enjoy his songs long. A boy brought some wild berries into the house, and nobody knew that they were poison, till the poor little bird ate some of them and died.

Gertrude cried very much. She thought that she never would try to keep another bird. She asked her father to bury her little favorite in the garden, and she planted a forget-me-not where his body was laid.

Some months after, her uncle brought home a Java sparrow. This little bird was so lady-like and slender, and had such very delicate purple feathers, and picked sugar from Gertrude's hand so prettily, that she soon learned to love it very much.

Gertrude had a large cage, hung in a sunny corner, with a rich grape vine all round it. The water in the sparrow's little glass cup was changed twice a day, and she had plenty of cake crumbs and dainty seed. She was as happy as a bird could be, taken away from her little playmates, and from the wide free air, to be shut up in a cage.

But Gertrude did not have good luck with her

birds. One day she came home from school, and found that her little sparrow was dead in the cage. She never knew what killed it. There was plenty of clean water and good fresh seed in the cups; but there it lay on its back, quite stiff and cold.

Gertrude cried as if her heart would break. Her father had the pretty little creature stuffed, and put under a glass case. But, for many weeks, Gertrude could not look at it without feeling the tears come in her eyes. She asked her mother to put the empty bird cage away, where she could never see it again.

She begged her uncles never to bring her another bird. "I had rather that the little creatures would stay in the warm countries where they are born," said she. "I am afraid that they are not happy in a cage. I am sure that they like better to fly about in the open air, with their little playmates."

After that, Gertrude had a little baby brother, and she liked so well to play with him, that she did not cry any more for her paroquet and sparrow. "I love darling little Frank better than a hundred birds," said she; "and I do not have to keep him shut up in a cage. That is a good thing."

pər-häps'	ŭn'cleſ ²	coŭn'trīeſ	fā'vor-īte
fā'mous	tūne	pōŷ'son ⁴	Jā'və.
wēath'ər	pār'ō-quĕt ³	whīs'tle ⁵	tīred
bury ¹	spār'rōw	pūr'ple	sŭn'ny

¹ Pron. bĕr'q.

² ŭng'kle.

³ pār'q-kĕt.

⁴ pōŷ'zn.

⁵ hwī'səl.

XXXIII.—MY CANARY BIRD.

I HAD a little bird ;
My only friend was he ;
And many a time my heart was stirred
With his sweet melody.

He'd sing to me of flowers,
Of sunshine on the streams ;
And lightly make the toilsome hours
Glide by me, as in dreams.

He'd sing of meadows sweet,
With murmuring trees, and brooks
Disturbed by little gleaming feet,
As I had read in books.

And I had thoughts in me
My tongue could never tell ;
But he would sing a melody
Should speak their meaning well.

He'd mind me of the day
On which my mother died, —
When he sang a lusty roundelay,
While bitterly I cried.

And I but loved him more,
For all his ill-timed mirth ;
For truth it seemed, that I before
Had never known his worth.

Now as I sat alone, —

My eyes with weeping dim,
And wore my fingers to the bone,
For none but me and him, —

Oft to myself I said,

“ No other friend have I
To share with me my daily bread ;
God grant he do not die.”

And when the morning broke,

It was his sprightly song
That filled my lonesome room, and woke
Me to my labor long.

How he would wait until

I should his wants attend !
Should take the lucid glass and fill
With water for my friend ! —

Then bathe his wings, and raise

His little eyes to heaven,
Seeming to render gladsome praise
For the refreshment given ! —

Then tune again his throat,

To please my listening ear,
And pour forth each familiar note
So rapturous and clear !

He had a voice for all

My joy and sorrow too ;

A tender voice, — poor little thrall !
So to my heart he grew.

I had a little bird ;
My only friend was he ;
And oft my heavy heart he stirred
With his sweet melody.

My little bird is dead,
And cold as any stone ;
The tiny life I loved is fled,
And I am left alone.

stirred	hē'd	light'ly ³	mür'mur-Ing
glēam'ing	lūs'ty	bīt'ter-ly	dāi'ly
lōne'some	at-tēnd'	fə-mil'iār ⁴	re-frēsh'ment
thrall	mēl'ō-dy	sūn'shīne	tōil'some
dis-türbed'	mēan'ing	rōūn'de-lāy	worth ⁵
spright'ly ¹	lā'bōr	bāthē	līs'ten-Ing ⁶
rāpt'ur-oūs ²	hēav'y	tī'ny	ə-lōne'

XXXIV.—THE HONEST BOY.

EDWARD HARRIS always spoke the truth. He would neither tell a lie nor act a lie.

It was a rule in the school where he went that there should be no whispering among the scholars

¹ Pron. sprit'le. ² rāpt'yur-ūs. ³ līt'le. ⁴ fə-mil'iār. ⁵ wūrth.
⁶ līs'en-Ing.

during school hours, without leave from the teacher; and every one who broke the rule had a bad mark, called an error, on the school record. Edward's father had promised to give him a little wheelbarrow at the end of the school term, if he had no errors.

The school house stood in a quiet place near a fine grove, where the birds sang and built their nests, and the little squirrels leaped and played. There was a rail fence behind the school house, not far from a window near which Edward sat.

One day a bold and merry little red squirrel came running along the fence, and, seating himself on the topmost rail, seemed to be looking into the school house. It so happened that just then Edward raised his eyes from his book. He forgot the teacher's rule about whispering.

"See! see that squirrel!" he exclaimed to John, the boy who sat next to him.

"He wants to come to school," said John, beginning to laugh.

"O, I forgot the rule," said Edward; "we must not talk."

The squirrel, with a bound, came down from its high seat towards the window.

"He is coming to school, sure enough," said John; "we will have him in our class, Edward."

"Were you whispering, John?" asked the teacher.

"I was not whispering much," replied John, bending his head low to his book, and studying very fast with his lips.



“Still, you have broken the rule, and I must give you an error,” said the teacher.

Edward thought of the wheelbarrow, but like an honest boy he spoke out. “I whispered too, sir.”

“I did not see you,” said the teacher.

“I whispered first; and perhaps John would not have spoken if it had not been for me. I forgot the rule at the time.”

“You must have an error too, then,” said the teacher; “but you are an honest boy to own the truth, rather than to sit still and act a lie. You did wrong to disobey, but I am very glad that you were honorable enough to confess it.”

Edward had never had an error before, and felt the shame of it very much. He knew that he should

not receive the wheelbarrow, and he felt as if he should cry; but he held back his tears, and studied as well as he could, with a heavy heart.

nēi'ther	whīs'per-īng	ēr'ror	ăct
dūr'ing	prōm'ised	lēaped	bē-ġ'n'ning
brō'ken	hōn'or-ă-ble ¹	rē-cēive'	squīr'rels
rāil	whēēl'bār-rōw	cōn-fēss'	stūd'y-īng
rēc'ord	hēav'y	bē-fōre'	stūd'ied

XXXV.—THE HONEST BOY, CONCLUDED.

ONE morning after this, when Edward was the first one at school, he was surprised to see the teacher's inkstand upset, and the ink spilt over the table, and dripping upon the floor. When the teacher came, and asked who did the mischief, no one answered; but on further inquiry of a very honest boy, he said that it was so when he came, and that there was nobody present at the time but Edward.

"Did you do it, Edward?" said the teacher.

"No, sir," replied Edward.

"Somebody must have done it. All was right when I unlocked the school house door, and went for a walk. Who was the first at school this morning?"

"There was no one here when I came," answered Edward, "and the ink was spilt then."

¹ Pron. ōn'qr-ă-bl.

"It is very strange," said the teacher, "but I believe you ; I know that you are an honest boy, for you confessed the whispering when no one accused you. We will wait, and I am sure the guilty one will be found out."

The children looked round, wondering who the guilty one was, and thinking how badly he must feel. "I know it was not Edward," said one to another ; "for he tells when he does wrong, though nobody knows it. He would not keep still the other day to save himself from receiving an error ; and to obtain a beautiful wheelbarrow, too, which his father had promised to give him."

School was not over, however, before there was a movement among the little ones nearest the table, and some of them pressed their hands tightly over their mouths, to keep from laughing aloud.

"Children," said the teacher, in a tone of reproof, "what is the matter?"

Instead of a drawer, there was a shelf set in the table, and on the front edge of this sat a cunning little squirrel, peeping forth to see if he might safely venture from his hiding-place. At sight of the teacher, he drew back into his corner, and was caught by him.

"Here, children," said the teacher, as he drew him out, "here is the ink spiller — a little rogue of a squirrel ; his feet are black with ink now. I thought that we should ascertain who did the mischief. I felt certain that it was not you, Edward."

Edward looked at the squirrel, and saw that he

was the very one that he and John had seen looking in at the window. He put him in his dinner basket till the noon recess, and then fed him and let him go, to run and frolic with his fellows.

The squirrel did not forget his good fare, and frisked and played about the school house all the summer. The children were careful not to alarm him, and he became very tame. They called him Edward's squirrel; and many a time he made them think of the boy who would neither tell a lie nor act one, and whose word could be believed when every thing seemed to be against it.

sur-prîsed'	ûp-sêt'	mîs'chief	in-quî'ry
con-fessed'	guîl'ty ²	băd'ly	môve'ment
tîght'ly ¹	êdge	săfe'ly	ăs-çer-tăin'
frîsked	înk'stănd	spîlt	fûr'ther
ûn-lôcked'	ac-cûsed'	re-cêiv'ing	wôn'der-îng
prêssed	lăugh'îng ³	drăw'er	rôgue ⁴
re-cêss'	frôl'ic	căre'fûl	bê-liêved'

XXXVI.—THE BOY WHO DARED TO DO RIGHT.

ONE bright day in winter, when the snow was on the ground, little Henry Nye came into the house, and, throwing his slate upon the table, took a seat by the window. His mother saw that he was angry, and asked him the cause of his displeasure.

¹ Pron. tî't'le. ² gîl'te. ³ lăf'ing. ⁴ rôg.

"I cannot bear William Grant," said he; "for he is the most disobliging boy I ever saw in my life."

"Who is William Grant, and what has he done to make you dislike him?" said Mrs. Nye.

"He is a new scholar," replied Henry; "he has only been to our school a fortnight, and I wish he would go away, for I never want to see him again. This morning I asked him to lend me his sled, just for two or three slides down hill, and he would not do it, because he said it would make me late at school. I do not think it concerns him at all whether I am late at school or not."

"Then just before we were called out to recite arithmetic," continued Henry, "I asked him to let me copy the problems from his slate, because I had not solved my own, and he said that it would not be right. I dare say that the reason was, that he wanted to have the highest mark for his lesson."

"It would have been wrong," said Mrs. Nye, "for William to have lent you the sled, because it would have tempted you to be late from school; and you would have been guilty of great deception if you had copied William's problems. Instead of being angry, and saying unkind things, you ought to be grateful to him for saving you from doing wrong twice in one morning."

Mrs. Nye then asked Henry to promise her that the next time he wanted a sled, when it was proper for him to have one, or if he needed assistance in solving his problems, he would ask William Grant.

dared	dis-plēas'ure	slāte	dīs-ōblig'ing
Will'iam ¹	fōrt'nīght	thrēe	çon-cērns'
ə-rīth'mē-tīc	cōp'y	sōlved	lēs'son
dē-cēp'tiōn	grāte'fūl	nēed'ed	dīs-like'
slēd	lāte	re-cīte'	çon-tīn'ued ⁴
prōb'lems	hīgh'est ²	said ³	cōp'ied
prōp'er	as-sist'ance	wānt'ed	mōrn'ing

XXXVII.—THE BOY WHO DARED TO DO RIGHT, CONCLUDED:

Henry thought a great deal about the matter before he went to sleep that night; and though he was not quite sure that William was not a disobliging boy, he determined to try him the next day.

The next morning, he found a problem which he could not solve; so he went to William, who very kindly told him all that he could about it, and also helped him to understand his reading lesson. When school was dismissed, Henry asked William to lend him his sled. He cheerfully complied with his request, and told him to keep it all the noontime.

A few months after this, Henry's mother said to him, "How do you and William Grant get along together?"

"O," answered Henry, "he is one of the best boys in the world. He always does what he thinks is right. When he first came to school, the boys laughed at him, and used to call him names; but

¹ Pron. wīl'yam. ² hī'est. ³ sēd. ⁴ çon-tīn'yud.

now they love and respect him; school is much more quiet and pleasant, now he is there."

I wish all children were like William Grant in daring to do right. Sometimes it will be hard for them; they may for a time be laughed at, but in the end they will be respected and loved by their schoolmates; they will make the schools where they go quiet and pleasant, and what is far better, they will be preparing themselves for true and noble men and women.

dis-missed' chēer'fūl-ly re-spēct' dār'ing
pre-pār'ing com-pliēd' nôon'time trūe

XXXVIII.—ALWAYS TELL THE TRUTH.

HENRY HOMER was in the garden one morning, playing with his hoop. As he was rolling it up and down the smooth, gravelled walks, it went on to a flower bed, and broke a very fine tulip that his father set a great value upon.

"Father will be very sorry, I dare say," said Henry to himself; "but it cannot be helped now. I wish I had left my hoop in the house."

Just then his mother came into the garden. "I am sorry," said she, "that the high wind has broken this tulip."

"It was not broken by the wind," said Henry; "it was I who did it. I was rolling my hoop along the walk, and it rolled on to the bed and broke the tulip."



"I think you have been told not to play with your hoop in the garden," said his mother.

"Yes, I have, mother," said Henry, "and I am very sorry for my disobedience."

"And so am I, Henry," said his mother; "for your father will be very much grieved at the loss of this flower, which he prized so highly. He will certainly be much displeased with you, and you deserve that he should be."

Then Henry's mother went in to breakfast, and he was going to follow her, when John, the new gardener, came by.

"Why, Henry," said he, "what need was there for you to say that you broke the tulip? If you had been silent, your father would have thought

the wind did it; for I should have said nothing about it, I promise you."

"I was guilty of disobedience in rolling my hoop in the garden; but I never tell a lie, John," said Henry.

"It would not have been telling a lie," said the gardener. "When your mother said the wind had broken the tulip, you had no occasion to say a word. How could that have been telling a lie?"

"It would have been just the same thing," said Henry; "for it is quite as bad to deceive any one as to tell a lie; and if I had let my mother think that it was the wind that broke the tulip, it would have been deceiving her."

"And what harm would there be in deceiving her?" said John; "it was not as if you had laid the blame on somebody else. You would have saved yourself a scolding, that is all; but if you do not care about it, why, of course, I do not."

"I do care about it," said Henry, "and am very sorry for what I have done; but it would be making the matter a great deal worse to tell my father a lie about it."

The gardener said to himself, in a sulky tone, that some folks were more nice than wise; and, taking up a watering pot, was turning away, when he heard a voice calling him back. It was Henry's father, who was on the other side of the garden wall. He had heard every word that had passed, and now came in at the gate.

"I am very glad, Henry," said he, "that you

have so proper a sense of what is right. Truth, my boy, is the best and noblest of all virtues. Those who pay a strict regard to it are sure to be esteemed and respected. I would rather lose all the flowers in my garden than have cause to think that my son would try to deceive me. To deceive either by word or deed is to be guilty of falsehood, and nothing is so mean and base."

Then turning to the gardener, he said, "I will not keep any person about me whose word I cannot trust; therefore, John, you must quit my service this day."

Henry promised to obey his father in the future, and was much happier for having told the truth.

hoop ¹	gräv'elled	väl'ue	gär'den-er ³
oc-cä'siön	bläme	röll'ing	tū'lip
griëved	pröm'ise	dë-cëive'	şül'ky
fölks ²	pröp'er	nō'blest	süre ⁴
re-spëct'ed	bäse	nïce	virt'ueş ⁵
strïct	es-tēmed'	dēed	sër'vice

XXXIX.—RECOLLECTIONS OF MY MOTHER.

I HAVE no mother ! for she died
 When I was very young ;
 But still her memory round my heart
 Like morning mists has hung.

¹ Pron. hôp. ² fôks. ³ gär'dn-er. ⁴ shür. ⁵ vîrt'yus.

They tell me of an angel form,
That watched me while I slept,
And of a soft and gentle hand
That wiped the tears I wept ; —

And that same hand that held my own
When I began to walk ;
The joy that sparkled in her eyes
When first I tried to talk.

They say the mother's heart is pleased
When infant charms expand ;
I wonder if she thinks of me
In that bright, happy land.

I know she is in heaven now,
That holy place of rest ;
For she was always good to me :
The good alone are blest.

Can I forget, when I was ill,
She kissed my burning brow,
The tear that fell upon my cheek ? —
I think I feel it now.

And I have got some little books,
She taught me how to spell ;
The chiding or the kiss she gave
I still remember well.

And then she used to kneel with me,
— And teach me how to pray,

And raise my little hands to heaven,
And tell me what to say.

O mother, mother ! in my heart
Thy image still shall be ;
And I will hope in heaven at last
That I may meet with thee.

rēc-ol-lēc'tiōn	mīsts	spār'kled	ex-pānd'
kīssed	knēel	dīed	slēpt
trīed	hēav'en	chīd'ing	īm'āge

XL. — THE IDLE ARE ALWAYS UNHAPPY.

“O DEAR me!” said little Robert Blake, as he leaned his head against the window, and looked out ; “I do not think that vacation is very good fun, after all ; I am tired of playing, and tired of reading. I cannot think of any thing else to do.”

“What if you should try to work a little?” said his sister Mary, who sat at the other window, busily sewing. “I dare say that the men would like to have you help them rake up the hay.”

“I am not going to work in vacation,” said Robert. “Father told me that unless I wished to work, I need not do a single thing except to amuse myself ; and I do not mean to.”

“Yes,” replied Mary ; “but at the same time he told you that you would find yourself very much mistaken if you thought you could be happy with-

out some useful employment. He said that he should be very much surprised if you did not come and ask for something to do before the vacation was over."

"It is more pleasant to play than to work," said Robert, "whatever you may say to the contrary."

"So it is, for a little while," said Mary, "but you see yourself how soon you get tired of it."

"I shall get rested soon," said Robert, "but not with making hay. I tell you I will not work in vacation, so you need not say any more about it, sister."

Robert then took his straw hat, and went out of the house. He took his ball, and threw it against the wall a few times; but pretty soon the ball went over the shed, and he was too tired, as he said to himself, to go and get it. He then sat down in the swing; but he had no one to swing him, and it was too much work to swing himself.

He got up and took his kite, and as there was a fine wind, it soon rose to the full length of the string; but he found that it made his arms ache to hold the stick, so he wound up the string, and sat down on the steps to consider what he should do next.

It was a beautiful summer day; and as Robert looked around, he saw the little brook before his father's house glittering in the sun. It looked so merry and pleasant that he jumped up and ran down towards it, to see if he could not find something there with which to amuse himself.

He sat down for a while under a great willow

tree on the bank of the stream, and watched the little waves so busily dancing along, and wondered why they were always in such a hurry. But the waves could not speak to him, and so, after looking at the swift current a little longer, he picked up some twigs, and, standing on a bridge, amused himself by throwing them into the brook, and seeing how quickly they would come through on the other side.

But he was soon tired of this sport, and resting with both arms upon the rail, and crossing his legs, he leaned listlessly over, and gazed at the shining brook.

He was aroused from his dreams by the sound of merry voices coming towards him, and looking up, he saw Susan Brown, the daughter of a neighbor, coming towards the brook, with a pail in her hand, while her little sister Mary ran after her, chattering and laughing, as if she felt very happy.

Susan dipped the pail into the brook, and when it was filled, Robert offered to carry it home for her.

"You may if you please," said Susan, laughing.

"And I will bring another one up for you afterwards, if you wish," said Robert.

"I should like it very much," said Susan, "for I have got to fill the barrel for mother; and I will give you another pail, and you can help me if you please."

With sudden animation, and for half an hour, Robert worked steadily, carrying pails of water, and emptying them into the barrel. At the end of that time he felt quite warm and tired; but the



barrel was full, and Susan and her mother thanked him very much.

Mrs. Brown gave him a plum cake which she had just baked, which tasted nicer to Robert than any thing he had eaten since vacation commenced. After eating this, he went home; and the same afternoon he told his father that he intended to help him a part of every day until school commenced again; "for," said he, "I find there is no work so hard as trying to amuse myself."

ŭn-hăp'py	ă-gainst' ¹	sew'ing ²	ă-mŭse'
plĕas'ant	strâw	ăche ³	lēaned
glīt'ter-ing	vă-că'tion	bus'ī-ly ⁴	ŭn-lĕss'
băr'rel	stĕad'ī-ly	ĕmp'ty-ing ⁵	tăst'ĕd
brīdġe	cröss'ing	ă-rôûsed'	păil ⁶

¹ Pron. ă-ġōnst'.

² sŭ'ing. ³ ĕk.

⁴ bĭz'q-lĕ.

⁵ ĕm'tĕ-ing.

⁶ păil.

XII.—THE BLIND GIRL TO HER MOTHER.

MOTHER, they say the stars are bright,
And the broad heavens are blue —
I dream of them by day and night,
And think them all like you.

I cannot touch the distant skies,
The stars ne'er speak to me —
Yet their sweet images arise,
And blend with thoughts of thee.

I know not why, but oft I dream
Of the far land of bliss ;
And when I hear thy voice, I deem
That heaven is like to this.

When my sad heart to thine is pressed,
My follies are forgiven,
Sweet pleasure warms my beating breast :
And this, I say, is heaven.

• O mother, will the God above
Forgive my faults like thee ?
Will he bestow such care and love
On a blind thing like me ?

Dear mother, leave me not alone !
Go with me when I die —
Lead thy blind daughter to the throne,
And stay in yonder sky.

broâd	dīs'tant	blënd	prëssed
bēat'ing	bē-stōw'	toūch ¹	ne'er ²
dēem	fōll'ies	fâults	thrōne

 XLII.—POWER OF MATERNAL PIETY.

WHY gaze ye on my hoary hairs,
 Ye children young and gay?
 Your locks, beneath the blast of cares,
 Will bleach as white as they.

I had a mother once, like you,
 Who o'er my pillow hung,
 Kissed from my cheek the briny dew,
 And taught my faltering tongue.

She, when the nightly couch was spread,
 Would bow my infant knee,
 And place her hand upon my head,
 And, kneeling, pray for me.

But, then, there came a fearful day;
 I sought my mother's bed,
 Till harsh hands tore me thence away,
 And told me she was dead.

That eve I knelt me down in woe,
 And said a lonely prayer;
 Yet still my temples seemed to glow
 As if that hand was there.

¹ Pron. tich.² nâr.

Years fled, and left me childhood's joy,
Gay sports and pastimes dear;
I rose a wild and wayward boy,
Who scorned the curb of fear.

Fierce passions shook me like a reed
In youth; yet ere I slept,
That soft hand made my bosom bleed,
And down I fell and wept.

In foreign lands I travelled wide;
My pulse was bounding high;
Vice spread her meshes at my side,
And Pleasure lured my eye.

Yet still that hand, so soft and cold,
Maintained its mystic sway,
As when, amid my curls of gold,
With gentle force it lay.

And with it breathed a voice of care,
As from the lowly sod —
“My son — my only one — beware!
Nor sin against thy God!”

Ye think, perchance, that age hath stole
My kindly warmth away,
And dimmed the tablet of the soul; —
Yet when, with lordly sway,

This brow the pluméd helm displayed,
That guides the warrior throng,

Or Beauty's thrilling fingers strayed
These manly locks among, —

That hallowed touch was ne'er forgot! —
And now, though Time hath set
His frosty seal upon my lot,
These temples feel it yet.

And if I e'er in heaven appear,
A mother's holy prayer,
A mother's hand, and gentle tear,
That pointed to a Saviour dear,
Have led the wanderer there.

fâl'ter-îng	pî'e-ty	hōar'y	blēach
dew ¹	fēar'fûl	wōe	tēm'ples
wāy'ward	cûrb	boş'om ⁴	trāv'elled
māin-tāined' ²	mēsh'eş	brēathed	bē-wāre'
wārmth	tāb'let	guīdeş	strāyed
frōst'y	prāy'er	pās'timeş	scōrned
pās'siōnş	fōr'eign	vīce	lūred
pēr-chānce'	mýs'tic	lōw'ly	dîmmed ⁵
wār'riōr ³	thrîll'îng	hāl'lōwed	Sāv'îour

XLIII.—THE GUNPOWDER HARVEST.

AN honest man means a man who deals fairly,
speaks the truth, and never tries to impose upon

¹ Pven. dá. ² mān-tānd'. ³ wār'yur. ⁴ bāz'um. ⁵ dîmd.

any one. If he be a trader or shopkeeper, he will always give full weight and measure, will never say any thing about his goods which is not true, and will never cheat any one who buys of him.

An honest man will always succeed in his business better than a dishonest one, because people will have confidence in him, and believe what he says. A man will sometimes gain by a single dishonest act; but, in the long run, the honest man will make the most money. People will never deal again with a man who has once cheated them; and even when he speaks the truth he will not be believed.

The Indians of our country were honest and truthful. White men used to go among them to sell them guns, blankets, powder, knives, and other things they wanted, and receive furs and other articles in exchange. The Indians, on account of their ignorance, were sometimes cheated by the whites, but the whites were very rarely cheated by the Indians. Here is a story of the way in which they were once imposed upon by a trader, and how they punished him for it.

He went to one of their villages with a large stock of gunpowder for sale. Finding the Indians well supplied with this article, and that they, in consequence, refused to buy, he thought of a trick to get rid of his gunpowder at a good price.

He, therefore, proceeded to the open fields, and began making long ridges in the ground with a hoe; and having done so, he mixed some onion seed and large-grained gunpowder together, and began sowing them in the trenches. The Indians

flocked around him, and asked him why he sowed gunpowder. He replied, to make it grow; that he wished to increase his stock, and this was the only way to do so.

The Indians blamed the men who had before sold them gunpowder for not having told them that it would grow. In a few days, the onion seed sown with the gunpowder began to appear above the ground, and the Indians, no longer in doubt that gunpowder would grow, eagerly bought all the trader had at an advanced price.

But, after a time, they found that no gunpowder grew on the onions as they came up, and thus discovered the cheat put upon them. Some time afterwards, the author of the trick, though he was afraid to come again to the Indians, sent a partner of his to the same place to trade with them.

By some chance the Indians found out that this man was connected with the gunpowder sower, and when he had laid out all his goods before them for sale, they very deliberately helped themselves to every thing he had, and disappeared in the woods.

The trader was loud in his complaints of this injustice, and went to the great chief of the tribe to obtain redress. The old man looked at him in silence for some time, and at last said, "My children will pay you as soon as they get in the gunpowder harvest."

im-pōše'	weight	buŷə,	In'diənə
blānk'ets	ōn'ion	āu'thor	chiēf
com-plāints'	trā'der	mēas'ure	rāre'ly

XLIV — DO NOT DECEIVE EVEN A BRUTE.

WILLIAM had a nice little pony, of which he was very fond. He used to ride it about and feed it, and was very kind to it. But Jocco, — for that was the pony's name, — when he was once put into the pasture, was very hard to catch.



One day, William wanted to catch his pony, but Jocco wished to have another trot round the pasture; and when William went to him, and was about to put the bridle on him, Jocco gave a kick and a snort, flung up his heels, and trotted away.

William tried again and again, but could not catch him. A man was at work close by, and William asked him what he should do.

"Get some corn in your hat," said the man,
"and he will come to you."

"But I have no corn," said William.

"Then hold out your hat as if you had," said the man, "and he will come, and you can catch him."

"That would be deceiving him," said William;
"and I will not deceive any one, not even a beast. Besides, if I cheated him once, he would not believe me another time."

At last, William got a handful of grass, and held it up to him, and Jocco came up to him, and he let him eat the grass. He then gave him some more, and when he had patted him, he put the bridle on him, and leaping on his back, trotted off as happy as possible.

pās'ture

brī'dle

bēast

pāt'ted

catch

trot'ted

bē-sīdes'

pōs'si-ble

XLV.—ADDRESS TO MY KITTEN.

My pretty kitten, mild and meek,
Stretched in the sunshine, still and sleek,
One would judge, by your sober grace,
You did no worse than wash your face.

You take wondrous care of your glossy fur,
And keep time, meanwhile, with a drowsy purr,
As if you despised the vulgar old cats
That jump on their feet at the scound of the rats.

But, sly Miss Kit, I know you well ;
 You need not act the languid belle ;
 For you and I have romped together,
 Through every sort of wind and weather.

Who goes to the pantry to steal new milk ?
 Who upsets my box, and tangles my silk ?
 Who chases leaves in the autumn gale ?
 And who frisks about for her own gray tail ?

It is a truth, you're wild and young,
 Like me, without my rattling tongue ;
 And mother says, my little treasure,
 That youth is but a fleeting pleasure.

Time soon will change you to a dull old cat ;
 Yet how little you seem to think of that !
 But a woman, you know, must be more wise
 Than a puss too old to catch butterflies.

So, kit, 'tis plain that you and I
 Shall be compelled to say good by ;
 But come, let's have another play ;
 I shan't be nine till New Year's day.

strētched	slēek	worse ⁵	glōs'sy
de-spīsed'	bēlle ³	chās'ēs	yoū're
com-pēlled' ¹	trēas'ure	wom'an ⁶	kīt'ten
sō'ber	wōn'drous	drōw'sy	lān'guīd
tān'gles ²	āu'tumn ⁴	rāt'tling	dūll

¹ Pron. kom-pēld'. ² tān'glz. ³ bēl. ⁴ āw'tum. ⁵ wārs. ⁶ wām'an.

XLVI.—MONKEYS.

MONKEYS are remarkable for their love of mischief, and for a restless spirit of curiosity. A monkey never can let things alone, but must always know whatever is going on around him. If any thing he takes hold of can be broken or spoiled, he is sure to find the way of doing it; and he chatters with pleasure when he hears the noise of a china vessel smashed to pieces on the pavement.

He is fond of opening desks and drawers, and tumbling about their contents, so as to leave them in a state of the greatest disorder. If he takes up a bottle of ink, he empties it upon the floor. He unfolds all your papers, and scatters them about the room, or else tears them in pieces. If a pot or kettle be set upon the fire, he takes off the cover, to see what is inside, even though he burns his paw in the operation.

Monkeys are fond of teasing other animals. Some of you may have seen a picture of a monkey holding a cat in his grasp, and using her paw to take some roasted chestnuts out of the fire. The poor cat looks very unhappy, and is evidently struggling very hard to escape; but the monkey is too strong for her, and she must submit to have her paw burned.

There was once a gentleman living in the country, who had a monkey which was very fond of riding the pigs, of which there were several, kept in a large pen. He would jump upon their backs, and

drive them about till they could move no longer, beating them with a stick if they stopped. The pigs lived in great fear of him, and when he appeared would set up a grunt of terror, as if he had been a tiger come to devour them.

Monkeys are also fond of mimicking the actions of men — sometimes to their cost. One of them had seen his master in the act of shaving, and at the first chance took up the razor to shave himself, but cut his throat with the sharp edge.

Wild monkeys are said to be caught by means of their love of mimicry. The men who want to catch them go into the woods where they are, and put on and take off their gloves many times. They then go away, leaving their gloves on the ground, lined with pitch. The monkeys come down from the trees, and put on the gloves, which stick to their hands, and prevent them from climbing; then they are easily taken.

There was a monkey once kept in a large farm house in England, in the kitchen of which there was an immense fireplace. Over the fireplace there hung a powder horn. The men who worked on the farm would sometimes take down the horn, and throw a few grains of powder into the fire. Pug watched his chance, and when all was still, and he had the kitchen entirely to himself, got possession of the horn, skipped into the chimney, and poured the contents over the dying remains of a wood fire.

Of course there was an explosion, which threw the poor monkey half way up the chimney; and

when he fell, he was so singed and so blackened with soot that he would not have been known for the same creature. He was so mortified by his mischance that he was missing for some days; and when he reappeared, driven from his hiding-place by the pangs of hunger, he presented such an aspect that he was received with shouts of laughter.

Pug never forgot his adventure in the chimney. He was ever after a sadder and a wiser monkey. Whenever he was inclined to be troublesome and mischievous, they had only to show him the powder-horn to make his teeth chatter, and cause him to run off in terror to his hole.

môn'keys ¹	rĕst'less	piĕ'ceş	drăw'erş
greăt'ĕst	cū-rĭ-ôs'i-ty	păve'mĕnt	diş-ör'dĕr
re-mărk'ă-ble	ĕmp'tiĕş	ŏp-er-ă'tiŏn	scăt'terş
pĭct'ure	ĕv'i-dĕnt-ly	sub-mĭt'	ăp-pĕared'
de-vôûr'	ăc'tiŏnş	ră'zŏr	glôveş
ĕă'şĭ-ly	kĭtch'en	poş-şĕs'siŏn	chĭm'ney
ĕx-plô'şĭŏn	ăd-vĕnt'ure	tĕaş'ing	rôast'ĕd
mĭs'chiev-ŏûs	strŭg'gling	sĕv'er-ăl	tĕr'rŏr
mĭm'ick-ing	pĭtch	Eng'land ²	im-mĕnse'
con-tĕnts'	mŏr'tĭ-fĭed	mĭss'ing	săd'dĕr

XLVII.—ATTACHMENTS AMONG ANIMALS.

No one who has seen much of animals need be told that they are capable of gratitude and affection.

¹ *Frœn.* mŭng'kĭz. ² *Ing'*glĕnd.

The dog wags his tail with pleasure at the sight of his master, and rubs his head against his knee. Horses also testify by the movements of their ears, and by their neighing, their delight at the approach of the man who comes to feed them and take care of them.

Animals also frequently become attached to others of the same kind. We often see dogs playing together with the same satisfaction as children. Horses have been known to pine away and refuse their food when taken away from their four-footed companions, and put into a new stable.

But it sometimes happens that animals of different kinds form attachments to each other which are very curious to observe. A gentleman in England once had a raven, which had been taken when young, and reared in a stable yard where a dog was kept chained. A friendship soon commenced, which in time ripened into a great intimacy.

At first the bird would only hop about near the kennel, and sometimes peck a hasty morsel from the dog's feeding pan, when the latter had finished his meal. Finding, however, that his four-footed friend was not disturbed by his presence, the raven soon became a constant attendant at meal times, and taking up his position on the edge of the dish, acted the part of a regular guest, and partook of the dog's dinner, which usually consisted of meal and milk, with a few scraps of meat.

The love of mischief which seems to belong to the raven tribe was sometimes displayed by this

bird. He snatched up a piece of meat, almost from the very mouth of the dog, and hastened beyond the reach of his chain, as if to tease him. Then he hopped towards him, and held the morsel close to his nose, and when the dog was preparing to snap it up, quickly darted off again.

At other times he hid the piece of meat under a stone, and then coming back, with a cunning look, perched upon the dog's head. It was observed, however, that he always ended his pranks by either giving the whole piece to his friend, or sharing it with him.

The intimacy continued for a considerable length of time, and ended only with the death of the poor raven, which was killed by the blow of a stone thrown at him by a boy, for which he was very properly dismissed from the service of his master. Boys are often cruel to helpless animals; but such conduct is very wrong, and always deserves to be punished.

Very different from the character and disposition of the boy who killed this poor bird was the conduct of a dog by which its life had been saved a short time before. We do not know whether it was his particular friend, whose food he shared, or another. By some accident the raven had fallen into a tub of water, and was unable to get out, on account of its feathers being soaked with water.

The dog, chained at a short distance, saw the poor bird's danger. He dragged his heavy kennel towards it, reached his head over the side of the

tub, and taking the drowning raven up in his mouth, laid him gently on the ground, where he soon recovered. Comparing the conduct of the dog that saved the bird's life with that of the boy who killed it, will you not say that the former acted like a man, and the latter like a brute?

at-täch'ments	af-féc'tiön	sīght ²	tēs'ti-fy
ap-prōach'	cā'pə-ble	grāt'i-tūde	neigh'ing ⁴
mōve'ments	dīf'fer-ent	rā'ven ³	kēn'nel
sāt-is-fac'tiön	mör'sel	prēs'ence	pə-sī'tiön
cöm-mēnced'	ū'su-äl-ly ¹	snatch	pērch
sōaked	re-cōv'ered	för'mer	cū'ri-ōus
rēared	īn'ti-mā-cy	hās'ty	lāt'ter
at-tēnd'ant	rēg'ū-lar	dis-plāyed'	hās'ten ⁵
cöm-pār'ing	chāined	äc'ci-dēt	grōūd

XLVIII.—LITTLE EDWARD.

LITTLE Edward thought much about the Lord, and tried to do right. When he was only four years old, he did not like to go to bed without saying his prayers. It was a very pleasant sight, after he had eaten the bread and milk from his little porringer, and had his night gown tied nicely, to see him kneel by his mother's side, and lisp his evening hymn, and the Lord's Prayer.

He loved his father dearly, and when his mother

From. yū'zhū-äl-lē. 2 sīt. 3 rā'vn. 4 nā'ing. 5 hā'sn.

told him that God was his Father in heaven, he also loved him ; and when he repeated his prayer, he really wished that the Lord would do good to his father, and mother, and himself, and all persons.

It was a pleasure to look in Edward's face ; for he had so much sweetness and innocence in him, that it shone¹ out at his eyes ; and they were so clear, and bright, and blue, that his countenance was like the sky in a happy summer's morning.

When I was twenty years old, and he was four, he would watch the time in the afternoon when I laid my work away, and always ask me then to go and run with him ; and we used to run round the house together for half an hour at a time. How pleasant it is to play with those who are kind and good !/

His little feet went so fast, that he almost always reached the corner before I could ; and the first thing I saw would be his little sparkling eyes, and his gold-colored ringlets blowing in the wind, as he bent forward to peep and see if I was coming.

One day the kitten was running round the corner, when he came up very quick, and she was so scared, that she put up her back and hissed ; and then you might have heard Edward all over the neighborhood, he laughed so loud.

When we went into the house, his cheeks became as red as the beautiful little crab-apples in the garden, and his breath came so fast that he could hardly speak ; but as soon as he could speak, he would say, " Now you will tell me a

story." Then he would take my hand, and lean his little curly head on my shoulder, by the hour together, as quiet and happy as a little lamb, that lies down by its mother's side, and chews clover in the sunshine.

One night, when I took him up in my lap to undress him, I said, "Whose boy are you, Edward?" "I am God's boy," said he; "he has lent me to my father and mother, but one of these days I shall go to him." He sat for some time looking out at the window, and winking his eyes slowly, as if he was thinking of something; and then he turned towards me with a look full of love and joy, as he said, "If I am a very good boy, it may be that mother, and I, and all of us, will go to heaven together. I should like to have hold of dear mother's hand when we go."

I kissed him; and I knew that, whether he lived to be a man, or died while he was a little boy, he would always be happy while he thought so much of the Lord. Indeed, he never seemed to forget that all his little comforts, and all things he loved, were given him by a good Father, who is in heaven.

One evening I was sitting at my chamber window, when I heard the girl coming up stairs to put Edward to bed. As he went by the door, I heard his sweet voice, as he said, "Where is my aunt Maria? I must bid her good night." I opened the door, and stooped down to take him up. He put his arms round my neck, and said, in a very coax-

ing tone, "You will hear me say my prayers — you will put me to bed, will you not?"

I could not say no to the little darling, because he was always so good. So the girl went down stairs, and he kneeled down and repeated the Lord's Prayer. He did not then wish to go to bed, but asked to sit down on the floor, and warm his feet in the moonshine. So he sat down where the moon shone brightly on his little white toes, and he looked up at the sky a moment before he said, "The moon is a very bright thing. God made it. I wonder what he made it for."

I told him that I supposed the moon was a great world, and that folks lived there; and that the moon did many good things which he was not old enough to understand; and that every thing the Lord made was on purpose to do good. I loved him the better for thinking who made the moon.

When I told him that it was time to go to bed, he did not say another word. He took my hand, and ran hopping and jumping along, — sometimes on one foot, and sometimes on the other, — for his little heart was always glad.

Edward is now ten years old; but he does not forget to pray to the Lord, to read the sacred Scriptures, or to do what he knows is pleasing to the Lord. On the Sabbath he chooses to go to church, or stay at home and learn how to do right, rather than join in any noisy play, or ramble about for amusement.

I could tell you more of this good little boy ; but
I have said enough already to show you how you
must live in order to be happy yourself, and to make
those happy who have the care of you.

práy'ers	lisp	ín'nó-céncé	spärk'ling
cür'ly	cóm'fórts	cōax'ing ¹	pür'pose
nōi'sy	pör'rín-ger	dēar'ly	rīng'lets
shōul'der	stáirs	cōūn'te-nānce	tōes ²
sā'cred	rām'ble	ā-mūse'ment	âl-rēad'y

XLIX.—A CHILD'S PRAYER.

THE day is gone, the night is come, —
The night for quiet rest ;
And every little bird has flown
Home to its downy nest.

The robin was the last to go ;
Upon the leafless bough
He sang his evening hymn to God —
And he is silent now.

The bee is hushed within the hive ;
Shut is the daisy's eye ;
The stars alone are peeping forth
From out the darkened sky.

¹ Pron. kōks'ing.

² tōz.

No ; not the stars alone ; for God
 Has heard what I have said ;
 His eye looks on his little child,
 Kneeling beside its bed.

He kindly hears me thank him now
 For all that he has given —
 For friends, and books, and clothes, and food ;
 But most of all for heaven, —

Where I shall go when I am dead,
 If truly I do right ;
 Where I shall meet all those I love,
 As angels pure and bright.

dōwn'y	lēaf'lēss	dāi'sy's ²	clōthes
rōb'in	hŷmn ¹	därk'ened	ē'ven-īng

L.—THE DOG AND THE CHILD.

THE valleys, or glens, which intersect the Grampian Mountains,* are chiefly inhabited by shepherds. The pastures over which each flock is permitted to range extend many miles in every direction. The shepherd never has a view of the whole of his flock

* The Grampian Mountains are in the central part of Scotland.

¹ Pron. him. ² dā'sja.

at once, except when they are collected for sale or shearing.

His occupation is to make daily excursions to the different parts of his pastures, and to turn back, by means of his dog, any sheep that may be straying beyond the proper limits.

In one of these excursions, a shepherd happened to carry along with him one of his children, about three years old. This is a usual practice among the Highlanders, who accustom their children, from their earliest infancy, to endure the rigors of the climate. After traversing his pasture for some time, attended by his dog, the shepherd found himself obliged to ascend a summit at some distance, in order to have a more extensive view of his range.

As the ascent was too steep for the child, he left him on a small plain at the bottom, telling him not to stir from it till his return. Scarcely, however, had he gained the summit, when the view was cut off by one of those thick mists that often descend so rapidly amidst these mountains as almost to turn day into night in the course of a few minutes.

The anxious father instantly hastened back to find his child; but owing to the unusual darkness, he missed his way in the descent. After a search of many hours among the dangerous bogs and cataracts with which these mountains abound, he was overtaken by night. Still wandering on, not knowing whither, he at length came to the verge of the mist, and, by the light of the moon, discov-

ered that he had reached the bottom of his valley, and was within a short distance of his cottage.

To renew the search that night was equally fruitless and dangerous. He was, therefore, obliged to return to his cottage, having lost both his child and his dog, which had attended him faithfully for years.

Next morning, by daybreak, the shepherd, accompanied by a band of his neighbors, set out in search of the child ; but, after a day spent in fruitless fatigue, he was at last compelled, by the approach of night, to descend from the mountain. On returning to his cottage, he found that the dog, which he had lost the day before, had been home, and, on receiving a piece of cake, had instantly gone off again.

For several successive days the shepherd renewed the search for his child ; but still, on returning at evening, disappointed, to his cottage, he found that the dog had been home, and, on receiving his usual allowance of cake, had instantly disappeared. Struck with this circumstance, he staid at home one day ; and when the dog, as usual, departed with his piece of cake, he resolved to follow him, and find out the cause of his strange conduct.

The dog led the way to a waterfall, at some distance from the spot where the shepherd had left his child. The banks of the waterfall almost joined at the top, yet they were separated by a deep ravine. Down this rugged and almost perpendicular descent, the dog began to make his way, and at last

entered a cave, the mouth of which was almost on a level with the torrent. The shepherd, with some difficulty, followed ; but, upon entering the



cave, was overjoyed to see his lost child, eating with much satisfaction the cake which the dog had just brought to him, while the faithful animal stood by, looking at the child with much delight.

From the situation in which the child was found, it appears that he had wandered to the brink of the precipice, and then either fallen or scrambled down till he reached the cave, which the dread of the torrent had probably prevented him from quitting. The dog had traced him to the spot, and afterwards prevented him from starving by giving up to him

the whole, or the greater part, of his own daily allowance. He appears never to have quitted the child, by night or day, except when it was necessary to go for food, and then he was always seen running at full speed to and from the cottage.

vāl'leyʒ	möûn'tajŋ	shēp'herdʒ ²	pər-mīt'təd
col-lēct'əd	ōc-cū-pā'tiŋ	ex-cūr'siŋʒ	rīg'orʒ
as-cēnd'	dīs'tance	də-scēnd'	cōurse ⁴
cāt'a-racts	vērgē	cōm-pēlləd'	in-tēr-sēct'
pāst'urēʒ	in-hāb'it-əd	dī-rēc'tiŋ	shēar'ing
dāi'ly	prāc'tice	ac-cūs'tōm	trāv'ers-ing
sūm'mit	ex-tēn'sive	ə-mīdst'	ōw'ing ⁵
whīth'er	cōt'tāgē	fə-tigue' ³	suc-cēs'sive
rē-nēwəd'	sēp'a-rāt-əd	rūg'gəd	lēv'el
trāced	prēc'ipice ¹	nēc'es-sā-ry	rə-vīne'
tōr'rēt	quīt'ting	əl-lōw'ance	prōb'ably
rūn'ning	gīv'ing	sēen	ap-pēars'

LI.—THE TWO COUSINS.

JAMES BROWN was born at a farm house. He had not seen a town nor a city when he was ten years old.

James Brown rose from his bed at six in the morning during the summer. The men and maids of a farm house rise much sooner than that hour,

¹ Pron. prēs'e-pīs. ² shēp'ērdz. ³ fə-tīg'. ⁴ kōrs. ⁵ ō'ing.

and go to their daily work. Some yoke the oxen to plough, some bring the horses in from the field, some mend the hedges, some manure the land, some sow seed in the ground, and some plant young trees.

Those who have the care of sheep take their flocks from the fold, and lead them to their pasture on the hills, or in the green meadows by the running brook. The maids, meanwhile, haste to milk the cows, then churn the butter, put the cheese into the cheese press, clean their dairy, and feed the pigs, geese, turkeys, ducks, and chickens.

James Brown did not work in the fields; when he rose from his bed, his first care was to wash his face and hands, to comb and brush his hair; and when these things were done, and he had said his morning prayer, he went with his father about the farm, or weeded the garden. Garden work was very proper for a boy of his age and size.

James Brown had a cousin, named Thomas, and Thomas Brown once came to pay James a visit. The two boys were very glad to see each other, and Thomas told James of the famous city of New York, where he lived.

He spoke of the spacious paved streets, crowded all day by throngs of people, and lighted at night by rows, on each side of the way, of glass lamps.

He told him of the fine toy shops, where all kinds of playthings for children are sold; such as bats, balls, kites, marbles, tops, drums, trumpets,

whips, wheelbarrows, shuttles, dolls, and baby-houses ; and of other great shops, where linens, muslins, silks, laces, and ribbons fill the windows, and make quite a gay picture to attract the passers by.

Thomas Brown talked very fast on these subjects ; and as James, who had never seen any thing of the kind, was quite silent, and seemed as much surprised as pleased with all that he heard, Thomas began to think his cousin was but a dull, stupid sort of boy.

But the next morning, when they went out into the fields, he found that James had as much knowledge as himself, though not of the same kind. Thomas knew not wheat from barley, nor oats from rye ; nor did he know the oak tree from the elm, nor the ash from the willow.

He had heard that bread was made of wheat, but he had never seen the wheat threshed in a barn from the stalks, nor had he ever seen a mill grinding it into flour. He knew nothing of the manner of making and baking bread, of brewing malt and hops into beer, or of the churning of butter. Nor did he even know that the skins of cows, calves, bulls, horses, sheep, and goats were made into leather.

James Brown perfectly knew these, and many other things of the same nature ; and he willingly taught his cousin to understand some of the arts that belong to the practice of husbandry.

These friendly and observing boys, after this time, met always once a year, and they were eager

in their separate stations to acquire knowledge, that they might impart it to each other at the end of the twelvemonth.

dūr'ing	ōx'en	hēdg'eş	mēad'ōw
dāi'ry	wēēd'ed	coūş'in ⁵	sīze
spā'cious ¹	mūş'linş	whēēl'bār-rōwş	sūb'jects
stū'pid	whēat	māidş	plōūgh ⁷
mā-nūre'	būt'ter	tūr'keyş	prōp'er
gār'den	fā'mous	crōwd'ed	līn'enş
sur-prīsed'	rīb'bonş	knōwl'edgē ⁶	ēlm
brew'ing ²	thrēshed	lēath'er	stā'tionş
stālks ³	cālves ⁴	prāc'tice	ēa'ger ⁸

LII.—WILLIAM TELL.*

COME list to me, and you shall hear
 A tale of what befell
 A famous man of Switzerland;
 His name was William Tell.

Near Reuss's bank, from day to day,
 His little flock he led,

* In the centre of the little town of Altorf, near the Lake of Lucerne, there stands a stone fountain, surmounted with the figures of William Tell and his son. It is said to cover the spot on which the father stood when he took aim at the apple on his child's head. The verses were suggested by a visit to the place.

¹ *From.* spā'shys. ² brd'ing. ³ stāwks. ⁴ kāvz. ⁵ kūz'zn. ⁶ nōl'iqj.
⁷ plōū. ⁸ ē'ger.

By prudent thrift and hardy toil
Content to earn his bread.

A little son was in his home,
A laughing, fair-haired boy ;
So strong of limb, so blithe of heart,
He made it ring with joy.

His father's sheep were all his friends ;
The lambs he called by name ;
And when they frolicked in the fields,
The child would share the game.

Not yet on Switzerland had dawned
Her day of liberty ;
The stranger's yoke was on her sons,
And pressed right heavily.

So one was sent, in luckless hour,
To rule in Austria's name ;
A haughty man, of savage mood —
In pomp and pride he came.

One day, in wantonness of power,
He set his cap on high ; —
“ Bow down, ye slaves,” the order ran ;
“ Who disobey shall die ! ”

It chanced that William Tell, that morn,
Had left his cottage home,
And, with his little son in hand,
To Altorf town had come.

Tell saw the crowd, the lifted cap,
 The tyrant's angry frown ;
 And heralds shouted in his ear,
 " Bow down, ye slaves, bow down ! "

Stern Gesler marked the peasant's mien,
 And watched to see him fall ;
 But never palm tree straighter stood
 Than Tell before them all.

" My knee shall bend," he calmly said,
 " To God, and God alone ;
 My life is in the Austrian's hand,
 My conscience is my own."

" Seize him, ye guards," the ruler cried,
 While passion choked his breath ;
 " He mocks my power, he braves my lord ;
 He dies the traitor's death.

" Yet wait. The Swiss are marksmen true,
 So all the world doth say ;
 That fair-haired stripling hither bring ;
 We'll try their skill to-day."

Swit'zer-land	blithe	pressed	Aus'tri-ə's ⁶
säv'äge	cröwd	hër'alds	mîen ⁷
cälm'ly ¹	guärd's ⁴	träi'tor's	prü'dent
dâwned	hëav'i-ly	hâugh'ty ⁵	tÿ'rants
wan'ton-nëss ²	pëas'ants	côn'science	sëize
sträight'er ³	strip'ling	märks'men	brîng

¹ Pron. häm'lp.² wön'ton-nëss.³ strä'ter.⁴ gärdz.⁵ häw'tp.⁶ Aus'tri-əz.⁷ mën.

LIII.—WILLIAM TELL, CONCLUDED.

HARD by a spreading lime tree stood ;
To this the youth was bound ;
They placed an apple on his head ; —
He looked in wonder round.

“The fault is mine, if fault there be,”
Cried Tell, in accents wild ;
“On manhood let your vengeance fall,
But spare, O, spare my child !”

“I will not harm the pretty boy,”
Said Gesler, tauntingly ;
“If blood of his shall stain the ground,
Yours will the murder be.

“Draw tight your bow, my cunning man,
Your straightest arrow take ;
For know, yon apple is your mark,
Your liberty the stake.”

A mingled noise of wrath and grief
Was heard among the crowd ;
The men they muttered curses deep,
The women wept aloud.

Full fifty paces from his child,
His crossbow in his hand,
With lip compressed, and flashing eye,
Tell firmly took his stand.

The noble boy stood bravely up,
His cheek unblanched with fear ;
"Shoot straight," he cried ; "thine aim is sure ;
It will not fail thee here."

"Heaven bless thee, now," the parent said ;
"Thy courage shames me quite ;"
Then to his ear the shaft he drew,
And watched its whizzing flight.

"'Tis done, 'tis done ! the child is safe !"
Shouted the multitude ;
"Man tramples on his brother man,
But God is ever good."

For, sure enough, the arrow went,
As by an angel guided ;
In pieces two, beneath the tree,
The apple fell divided.

"'Twas bravely done," the ruler said ;
"My plighted word I keep ;
'Twas bravely done by sire and son —
Go home, and feed your sheep."

"No thanks I give thee for thy boon,"
The peasant coldly said ;
"To God alone my praise is due,
And duly shall be paid.

"Yet know, proud man, thy fate was near ;
Had I but missed my aim,

Not unavenged my child had died —
Thy parting hour the same.

“ For, see ! a *second* shaft was here,
If harm my boy befell ;
Now go and bless the heavenly powers
My *first* has sped so well.”

ăc'cents	täunt'ing-ly	wrăth *	mūt'tered
brăve'ly	côm-prëssed'	vën'geance	griëf
străight'est	cür'ses	fîrm'ly	cöür'age
whîz'zing	mūl'ti-tūde	dî-vid'ed	sîre
flîght	ūn-ā-vēnged'	trām'ples	plîght'ed *
dūe ¹	sēc'ond	bē-fell'	pōw'ers

LIV.—THE PARROT.

EDWARD CLARE was an only son. He always tried to do right, though he was often obliged to struggle hard with himself. One morning, when he was seven years old, his father gave him permission to take a walk beyond the limits of the garden. As he was walking by a beautiful wood, and amusing himself by gathering nuts, and watching the first yellow leaves fall from the trees, — for it was in the month of September, — he suddenly heard a strange voice come from a tree.

¹ Pres. da.

* rāth.

* plîht'ed.

"Jacko!" it said; "poor Poll! pretty, pretty Poll!" and then began to sing and whistle quite merrily. Edward looked at the tree, and to his great surprise he saw a large gray parrot, with a long red tail, and a pair of sparkling eyes. He had round his neck half of a small chain, which he had evidently broken to obtain his liberty. Edward climbed the tree, and succeeded in making him a prisoner.



"O mother!" said Edward, on his arriving home, "look at this parrot! I found him in the woods. May I keep him, mother?"

"Yes, Edward, if you cannot find an owner," said Mrs. Clare. "He is an African parrot, of a very valuable species, as may be seen by his gray

feathers. The parrots from Brazil, which are green, are not half so easily taught. You must be very kind to him."

Edward placed the bird in a light closet, next to his own bed room, and, whenever he was not at his studies, his greatest delight was to feed and talk to him. Poll, who, like all parrots, was extremely fond of notice, and very grateful for kindness, became so fond of Edward that he learned every thing his master wished.

He accompanied him in his walks, perched on his finger, or would stay in a tree, watching him while he worked in his garden, whistling and chattering all the while.

This occupation amused Edward through the autumn. He was busy giving him a lesson one cold morning in December, when his mother sent for him, and told him that he might accompany her on a visit to a lady at some distance. The proposal pleased him; and he ran for his hat, first giving Poll a biscuit, and set off with a gay heart.

The drive was so pleasant that Edward was almost sorry when they arrived at the lady's house. She received them very kindly, and took them through her beautiful hothouses and conservatories; and then, at Edward's anxious request, consented to show him her birds, and a litter of puppies, that she thought would please him. "It suits your age better than mine," said she to Edward; "come, tell me what you think of my favorites."

"I think you are very kind to show them to

me," replied he, "and I am much pleased with them."

"I had a lovely parrot," said the lady, "that was very handsome and clever. He said a great many words; but one day, more than two months ago, he broke his chain, and escaped into the woods."

"What color was he?" said Edward.

"He was gray, with a red tail."

"And what could he say?" inquired Edward.

"O, he said 'Pretty Poll! Jacko! poor Poll!' and a great many other words."

Edward saw at once that he had found an owner for the parrot; but he thought that he would keep him a few days longer. At last he went so far as to say to himself, "I wish I had not heard about it, and did not know he was hers." Then he determined that he would not tell the lady that he had found the bird.

strūg'gle	līm'its	gāth'er-īng	whīs'tle
sur-prīse'	prīz'on-er	Af'ri-can	Brā-zīl'
ac-cōm'pa-nied	āu'tumn ¹	bīs'cuit ²	sūits
per-mīs'sion	ā-mūs'ing	Sep-tēm'ber	mēr'ri-ly
ēv'i-dent-ly	ār-rīv'ing	vāl'u-a-ble	stūd'ies
pērched	lēs'son	mōnths	hēard

¹ Pron. āw'tūm.

² bīs'kit.

LV.—THE PARROT CONCLUDED.

WHEN Edward arrived home, he ran to Poll, and caressed him. "My dear, dear Poll!" said he; "O, how could I part with you! How sad you would be! and I never should be happy again. I will not think about it, for, if I had not found you, you would have died of cold and hunger long ago, and then the lady could not have had you back; besides, if you had your choice, you would like to stay here best, for you have no chain now, and yet you never fly away."

Poll returned his caresses. "Edward, pretty boy!" said he. "Good Edward! poor Jacko! Jacko loves Edward!" and he talked, and whistled, and would eat nothing but from his master's hand.

When Edward went to bed, he said his prayers without his usual attention, and, with a heavy heart, laid his head on his pillow and tried to sleep; but he could not. He remained buried in thought. The moon rose and found him still awake. He watched her from his window as she passed over the sky; but it could not divert his thoughts. He knew that he had done wrong, and it made him very unhappy.

In the morning he went to his mother and told her the whole story. "And now," said he, as he concluded, "I hope you will not lose your confidence in me, mother, as I am sorry for my fault, and shall return the parrot to its owner."

After breakfast Edward started for the lady's house, and took Poll along with him. His heart was light; and when he arrived, he told his story with many blushes, and kissed Poll as he gave him up to the lady. He felt that he had done right; but he could not help feeling very sorry to part with his bird.

The lady spoke kindly and sensibly to him. "You have shown true courage in resolving to do right. But you must not be too proud," added she with a kind smile, "to accept a little present from me when you go home." When he returned, she gave him a wicker basket. "It is my present," said she. "Open it when you get home, and not before, for I am sure it will please you."

Edward felt very sorry to leave his parrot behind him. "I wonder," thought he, "if poor Poll is as sorry as I am! or if he will think of it as much! I never shall be quite happy again."

As he walked along, he heard something rustle in his basket. "Ah!" said he, "I suspect the lady has given me the little black puppy that I admired so much. I will be kind to him for her sake; but I feel that I shall never love him. No; I can only love Jacko."

As soon as he reached home, he cut the string which was tied round the basket; and, to his great delight, Poll sprang out, calling, "Edward, dear boy! I love Edward! poor Poll! Edward loves Jacko!" and flew on the wrist of his master.

"O mother," cried he, "how happy I am! I had

to struggle very hard to do right, and now see how I am rewarded!"

ar-rived'	buried ¹	cōn'fī-dēnce	sěn'si-bly
ca-rēssed'	dī-vért'	pār'rot	re-şolv'ing
ădd'ed	wick'ēr	rūs'tle ³	wrist ⁴
ac-cēpt'	sūre ²	sus-pēct'	strŭg'gle

LVI.—THE BIRD'S NEST.

As George Wilson and Charles Fulton were one day crossing a meadow on their way to school at Brookdale, a village three miles from their own home, they saw a bird fly suddenly out of the bushes.

"Look, look!" said George; "did you see that linnet? I dare say there is a nest somewhere near; let us go and see if we can find it."

They set down their basket, which contained their dinner, and began their search. In a few minutes they discovered a nest with two young birds in it, and immediately possessed themselves of the prize.

"Ah," said Charles, laughing, applying his finger first to the beak of one and then of the other, "I dare say you think you are going to have a nice breakfast; but you are mistaken. See how they open their mouths when I touch them—the silly little things."

¹ Pron. bér'jd.

² shŭr.

³ rūs'al.

⁴ rist.

"What shall we do with them?" said George. "We must take good care of them, or they will be sure to die."

They now returned to the place where they had left their basket, when, to their great vexation, they found it had been overturned and emptied of its contents.

"Who can have done this?" said George. "Here is a pretty job indeed: we shall have nothing to eat all day." At the same moment he beheld a dog, with a piece of meat in his mouth, making his way through a gap in a hedge. George sprang after him, and, with a bit of broken bough which he had snatched up in his way, was about to give a violent blow to the animal.

"Stop," said a stranger, arresting his arm. "Before you beat my dog, let me know what he has done to offend you."

"He has eaten our dinner, like a thief as he is," said Charles, who, with the nest in his hand, had now joined them.

"That is a harsh word," returned the owner of the dog; "and be sure, before you bestow it on even a dog, you do not deserve it yourself. What is that which you have in your hand? and how did you come by it?"

"Why, it is only a bird's nest," replied Charles, looking rather confused.

"And who gave you a right to take it?" asked the other.

"Nobody," returned Charles.



“Then you have taken what did not belong to you,” said the stranger, “and are no better than my dog. There is this difference, however, between you and him: he carried off the contents of your basket, which you had negligently left in his way, to satisfy his hunger; while you have robbed a poor bird of her home and young ones through mere wantonness and cruelty. But look that way.”

The boys did as he desired them. A bird, with an insect in its bill, had approached the bushes near them. Her wings fluttered with joy; but unhappily the spoiler had been to her nest in her absence, and had borne off her young.

The instant she discovered her loss, her pinions fell, the morsel she held in her bill dropped to the

ground, a shrill note of pain followed, and, hopping restlessly from twig to twig, she showed both by her movements and cry the distress she was enduring.

"And was it to gratify the thoughtless cruelty of boys like yourselves," said the stranger, "that the poor bird made her nest so carefully and skilfully, and that she deprived herself of the food she needed, and refused herself the liberty so natural to her? Well, indeed, may you appear ashamed;" for the boys held down their heads, and stood motionless before him.

"I am sure," said George, in a low voice, "if I had thought I should have given the poor bird such pain, I would not have touched her nest."

"A great many boys do it," said Charles; "it comes natural to one to go bird's nesting. We never meant to distress the old bird."

"I dare say not," returned the stranger; "but distress of any kind is not the less felt by those on whom we inflict it, because we did not intend to give it. Want of thought for the comfort of others in our gratification is selfishness in ourselves, and the very reverse of doing to others as we would wish to be done by."

"I am very sorry," said Charles, looking at the birds in the nest; "but it is not too late to carry them back." So saying, he carried the nest to its place, and soon saw the old bird return to it.

"Let me hope," said the stranger, "that you will never be guilty of the same fault again. We can

prove our sorrow for past errors only by not repeating them." So saying, he passed on, and the two boys hurried to school as fast as they could.

At dinner time they felt very hungry. They made no complaint, however, though they could not help looking at their empty basket with some degree of regret.

"It is no more than we deserve," said George; "but I am glad that the little birds will not be obliged to go without their dinner." Then they both resolved never to rob another bird's nest as long as they lived.

měad'ōw	poş-şessed'	sīl'ly	çon-těnts'
çon-fūşed'	něg'li-ğent-ly	rōbbēd	īn'sěct
pīn'ionş	wan'ton-něş ¹	mōve'ments	re-věrsē'
hūr'ried	mō'tion-lěşş	mis-tā'ken	sěarch
pāşsed	veş-ā'tion	ar-rěş't'ing	strān'ğer
sāt'is-fy	mēre	crū'el-ty	āb'sence
şrīll	şkīl'fūl-ly	sělf'ish-něşş	çom-plāint'
re-şolved'	prōve	re-pēat'ing	şchōōl ²

LVII.—GOD IS GOOD.

MORN amid the mountains,
 Lovely solitude,
 Gushing streams and fountains
 Murmur, "God is good!"

¹ Pron. wōn'ton-něş.

² skōl.

Now the glad sun, breaking,
 Pours a golden flood ;
 Deepest vales awaking,
 Echo, " God is good ! "

Hymns of praise are ringing
 Through the leafy wood ;
 Songsters sweetly singing,
 Warble, " God is Good ! "

Wake, and join the chorus,
 Man, with soul subdued ;
 He, whose smile is o'er us,
 God, O, God is good ! .

a-mĭd'	fōūn'tainŝ	break'ing	wār'ble
sub-dūed' ¹	mūr'mur	a-wāk'ing	chō'rŭs ²
sōl'i-tūde	sōng'sterŝ	smĭle	good ³

LVIII. — THE RIVULET.

I LOVE the little laughing rill,
 That all the livelong day
 Goes sparkling, singing, dancing still
 Through meadows far away.

¹ Pron. sub-dūd'. ² kō'rŭs. ³ gād.

O, oft I've chased that sportive stream
 In summer's sunny hours,
 And watched each silvery ripple gleam,
 Or plucked the bordering flowers.

O, how I love to stand and gaze
 Along its winding shore!
 For these are happy, happy days
 That will return no more.

But life, like thee, flows on, sweet rill;
 And I, like thee, must haste,
 Each day to do my Father's will,
 Nor turn one hour to waste.

rĭv'ū-lēt	ī've	sĭl'ver-y	bör'der-ĭng
spōr'tive	lĭve'lōng	rĭp'ple	dān'cĭng

LIX.—THE VIOLET.

Down in a green and shady bed
 A modest violet grew;
 Its stalk was bent, it hung its head,
 As if to hide from view.

And yet it was a lovely flower,
 Its colors bright and fair;
 It might have graced a rosy bower,
 Instead of hiding there.

Yet there it was content to bloom,
 In modest tints arrayed ;
 And there it spread its sweet perfume,
 Within the silent shade.

Then let me to the valley go,
 This pretty flower to see,
 That I may also learn to grow
 In sweet humility.

shā'dy	grāced ¹	tints	per-fūme'
vī'ō-lēt	in-stēad'	ar-rāyed'	hu-mil'i-ty

LX.—THE APPLE-TREE.

Two little boys, Thomas and William Turner, were on their way from school one fine evening in autumn. They had to go through a lane, and over several fields, and then into the high road, before they reached home.

Thomas was an active, black-eyed little boy, fond of play, and always looking about him. William was a pale, shy boy, who seemed never much at his ease when out of school until he reached home.

William was going along the path after his brother, when Thomas said, "Did you look into Farmer Brown's orchard yesterday, as we came

¹ Pron. grāt.

by ? He has gathered all the apples but a few on one tree near the road."

"Yes, I saw them," said William. "I suppose he forgot them."

"How nice they looked !" said Thomas ; "quite yellow and red. I would give something for one of them. There is the tree, and there are the apples : look through this little hole in the hedge ; it is just big enough to creep through. O, how nice they look ! how the sun shines on them ! Why, you are afraid to look at them. Will you stop one minute, while I get one for you and for me ?"

"O Thomas, do not," said William. "It is the same as stealing. You know, if Farmer Brown should see us, how you would feel."

William thought, too, of what he had been taught about the eighth commandment. He knew and remembered who it is that sees whatever we do, and has forbidden us to steal ; he knew that when he felt tempted to do any thing wrong, he ought to flee from temptation. He took his brother by the hand, and said, "Do not get the apples ; you know it is wicked. Recollect what we have been taught about stealing."

Thomas felt that William was right, so he walked on a little way ; but as he let his thoughts run on the apples, instead of trying to think on something harmless, the temptation was too strong for him. He said, "Sit down under the hedge, William ; and I will come to you presently."

William sat down, feeling very unhappy and frightened. He could hardly keep from crying.

Presently Thomas came back, looking rather red, and eating an apple. He came up to his brother and held one out to him. "You cannot think how good they are," said he; "I have another in my pocket: here, make haste."

"O, no," answered William, turning away, that he might not see the apple; "I must go home;" and he set off, and ran till he got to the hedge at the back of the garden.



In the mean time Thomas walked slowly down the lane, and turned aside into a field, to eat his apples under the hedge. The first apple was very good; but the next he did not enjoy so much, as he thought more of the wrong of which he had

been guilty. Then he thought how happy and light-hearted he was when he came home the evening before, having tried to do right all day.

Then he thought, "But William is afraid of doing wrong, too." And his conscience was like a sharp knife, and told him that it would be well for him if he had the same fear.

William's fear was of the right kind; he not only feared being punished, but he feared to offend Him who has said, "Thou shalt not steal."

The next morning they went to school as usual. Thomas hung his head, and crept along by the orchard hedge, as if he were afraid to look up. He was glad when he got through the fields and into the high road. After a minute or two, he started, for he heard somebody halloo on the other side of the hedge.

He set off without looking back, and ran as hard as he could, till he had nearly reached the school house; then he sat down on the edge of the high foot path, and waited for William: he wondered that he had not run too.

When William came up he was laughing, and said, "It was a boy who halloosed, to make us start. I was only frightened just at first. When he saw me, he laughed, and I laughed too."

Thomas wondered that William should be bolder than he was. It was his conscience that made a coward of him. As they sat a minute or two to rest, he said, "I will tell you, William, that I wish I had not taken those apples. I cannot get it out

of my mind now. But they looked so nice! How was it that you could help taking some too?"

"Why, I thought of something that hindered me. Do you remember that when our class had the commandments to answer, the teacher talked to us about the eighth, and said that we should never take the least thing that did not belong to us?"

"Yes," said Thomas; "but those things never enter my mind at the right time: you can always think of them. Will you speak to me the next time that I am about to do wrong?"

William promised that he would; and Thomas soon after became a wiser and a better boy.

ăc'tive	ôr'chard	Thŏma's ²	trȳ'ing
ēase	com-mănd'ment	temp-tă'tion	eighth ³
hēdge	what-ēv'er ¹	rēc-ol-lēct'	guil'ty ⁴
ŏff	hȳn'dered	prŏm'ised	cŏw'ard
lēast	wīș'er	ēn'ter	spēak

LXI.—THE TRUANTS.

"WHERE are you going?" said Joseph Warren to his friend Richard West, one fine summer morning. "Do you not know that it is school time? and here you have your fishing rod instead of your satchel of books. Come, make haste, and get your books, or you will be late."

¹ Pron. hwŏt-ēv'er.

² tŏm'as.

³ eĭth.

⁴ gĭl'tē.

"O, I am not going to school this beautiful day," said Richard; "I am going a-fishing; I wish you would go too."

"I wish I could," said Joseph, as he looked longingly at Richard's preparation for his day's sport; "but my father would be displeased if I should stay away from school; for he says if I am an idle boy, I shall be likely to be an idle man."

"Nonsense," said Richard; "my mother says she does not believe in boys studying too much; and she does not care whether I go to school every day or not." Richard's father was dead.

"I should like to go, but I cannot," said Joseph. "The bell is ringing for school now;" and off he ran to be in time for the opening of school.

Every thing went wrong with Joseph all day; his lessons had never seemed so difficult; the teacher was cross, and the school room uncomfortable; many times he thought of Richard in some shady nook, quietly angling for the tiny fish, and wished himself with him. He was unhappy, because he was discontented.

He met Richard the next morning with his fishing rod again; but this time Charles Foster, another of their schoolmates, was with him.

"Now, Joseph, you must go with us," said Richard; "it is more pleasant by the brook than in that old school room, and your father will never know that you are not at school. You can go home when it is time for school to be out, just as if you had been there all day."

"Yes," said Charles; "that is the way I am

going to do. I did not ask my father, for I knew he would not let me go."

"But I have no line," said Joseph, beginning to hesitate.

"I will lend you one," said Richard; "and we can get a rod in the woods; so come along. I will help you carry your books;" and, seizing one side of Joseph's satchel, he led him away from his duty.

The boys climbed over a fence, and went away from the road for fear they should be seen. They crossed several lots, and then went through a beautiful wood, until they came to a clear, sparkling brook, down in the depths of which the fish were hiding.

They cut two rods from a bush growing by the side of the brook, one for Charles and one for Joseph. Richard tied a line to each, and put baits on their hooks, telling them they must be still for fear of frightening the fish. There was a bridge over the brook, and a road, though wagons seldom passed over it. Richard took his place on the bridge, with Joseph by his side, while Charles stood below it on the edge of the stream.

They threw their hooks into the water, and, after a few minutes, Richard's line went down, and he drew out a fine fish; soon he caught another, and another, until he had six, before Joseph and Charles had caught one. They soon began to think it was as bad to stand there without speaking, and catch no fish, as it was to be in school all day.

where¹ prěp-ə-rā'tiŋ dĩf'fī-cũlt děpths
 bẻ-gĩn'ning sẻiz'ing bảits sảtch'ẻl
 sẻl'dỏm frỉght'en-ĩng² thĩnk schỏl

LXII.—THE TRUANTS, CONCLUDED.



JOSEPH had often been a-fishing on his holidays, and enjoyed it, though he was not very successful. But now he was doing wrong, and he could not be happy.

“I am hungry now,” said Richard, after he had caught a long string of fish. “I have my luncheon in this little tin pail.”

¹ Pron. hwár.² frỉ'tu-ĩng.

"My mother gave me mine," said Joseph, as he took his seat on a large stone by the side of Charles, who was also taking his luncheon from his satchel. The thought how wicked he was to deceive his mother, came into Joseph's mind, as he unpinned the neat, white napkin, and saw the nice bread and butter she had spread for him, and the little cakes she had made with her own hands. But he drove the thought away, and tried to talk and laugh as gayly as the others; yet all the time there was a weight at his heart, and he could not be happy.

Charles did not feel this, for his parents had never taught him, as Joseph's had, the great sin of disobeying them; he only feared punishment if he should be found out. And poor Richard was always allowed to do as he liked. Ah, how he will wish, when he becomes a man, idle and worthless, that he had been restrained in his youth!

They went towards home secretly, for fear of being seen; and when Joseph came near his father's house, he went whistling into the gate, with his satchel, as if he had just come from school; and no one suspected that he had not.

When his father came home, Joseph did not run to meet him as usual; and at tea he was so quiet that his little sister said, "Joseph, are you sick?"

"If he is, I think I have something that will make him well," said his father, as they all rose from the table, and he handed Joseph a new book, which he had long wished for. On the blank leaf was written, "A reward to my son for his diligence at school."

"Your teacher told me the other day," said his father, "how much pleased he was with you, and, as I was in town to-day, I bought this book for you to show you how happy it made me."

"I cannot take it, father, I cannot take it," said Joseph; "for, O, I have been a very wicked boy;" and, throwing his arms around his father's neck, he sobbed bitterly. He then told his father that he had been playing truant that very day, but he promised never to do so again.

Charles said nothing to his father about disobeying him, but went to bed as usual, feeling glad that he had not been found out. The next morning, when he was walking in the garden with his father, Farmer Field came towards them, and, leaning on the fence, said, "Well, my boy, how many fish did you catch yesterday? I saw you by the brook when I was in the hay field."

"What! were you not at school yesterday?" said his father, sternly. It was useless to try to conceal his fault then, and, bursting into tears, he answered that he was not. But his tears were only shed from fear, and not from sorrow for his sin. He had never read that "He that covereth his sins shall not prosper; but whoso confesseth and forsaketh them shall have mercy."

trū'ants	Jō'seph ³	en-jōy'ed'	coūld
weight ¹	ūn-pīnned' ⁴	worth'less	sē'cret-ly
sōbbēd ²	whō'sō	cōn-clūd'ed	hōl'i-dāy
suc-cēss'fūl	lūn'cheon ⁵	gāy'ly	al-lōw'ed'

¹ Pron. wāt.² sōbd.³ jō'zef.⁴ ūn-pīnd'.⁵ lūn'chun.

LXIII.—THE TALKING CHIP.

SOME nations are civilized, and some are savage. A civilized country is one in which there are churches and school houses, railroads, steamboats, and magnetic telegraphs; in which newspapers are printed, and men are governed by regular laws.

In civilized countries, men have some occupation by which they earn their living. Some are farmers, some are merchants, some are manufacturers, and some are doctors, lawyers, or clergymen. England, France, and America are civilized countries.

Among savage nations or tribes there are none of the comforts and conveniences of civilized life. There are no roads, no newspapers, no books, no post offices; no school houses.

The inhabitants live in huts, and feed upon fish, wild animals, and such fruits as the earth produces without labor. Their dress is mostly made of the skins of animals; but they wear less clothing than civilized men. The Indians who were found in this country, when it was first visited by Europeans, were savages.

Good men often go from civilized countries among savage people, to teach them the elements of useful knowledge, and to convert them to the Christian religion. They are called missionaries. Here is a story about Mr. Williams, an English clergyman, who once went as a missionary to a tribe of savages, who lived on an island in the Pacific Ocean.

He was employed in building a house, and had gone to his work one morning without his square. A square is a carpenter's tool, formed of two flat pieces of wood joined at the end. He took up a large chip, which was smooth on one side, and wrote on it, with a piece of charcoal, a request to his wife to send the desired article to him. He then called a chief, who was working with him, and asked him to take it to Mrs. Williams.

The chief took it, and asked, "What must I say?" Mr. Williams replied, "You have nothing to say; the chip will say all I wish." With a look of surprise and contempt, he held up the piece of wood, and said, "How can this speak? Has this a



mouth?" But on the request being renewed, he went off with it.

On arriving at the house, he gave the chip to Mrs. Williams, who read it, threw it away, and went to the tool chest, whither the chief, resolved to see the end of this strange proceeding, followed her closely.

On receiving the square from her, he said, "How do you know that this is what Mr. Williams wants?" "Why," she replied, "did you not bring me a chip just now?" "Yes," said the astonished chief; "but I did not hear it say any thing." "If you did not, I did," was the reply, "for it made known to me what he wanted; and all you have to do is to return with it as quickly as possible."

With this, he sprang out of the house, and catching up the strange piece of wood, ran back with the chip in one hand, and the square in the other, holding them up as high as his arms would reach, and shouting as he went, "See how much these English people know! They can make chips talk!"

civ'il-ized	chürch'ęs	print'ęd	ręg'u-lar
măn-u-făct'u-ręs	lăw'yęs	rę-cęiv'ing	őffi-cęs
těl'ę-grăphs ¹	prę-dū'cęs	ěl'e-ments	chăr'cōal
prę-cęēd'ing	rę-nęwęd'	cătch'ing	săv'ăęe
mă's'şion-ă-ry	răil'rōadş	maę-nęt'ic	dōc'torş
Eū-rę-pę'ăņş	mēr'chants	Eng'land ³	isl'and ⁵
cęn-vęn'ien-cęş	Chrıs'tian ²	cęn-tęmpt'	whith'er
in-hăb'î-tănts	gōv'erned	rę-lig'ion ⁴	tribęş

¹ Pron. těl'ę-grăfs.

² krist'yan.

³ Ing'gländ.

⁴ rę-lid'jun.

⁵ r'land.

LXIV.—“THOU, GOD, SEEST ME.”

“THESE four words — ‘Thou, God, seest me’ — did me more good,” said an old gentleman the other day, “when I was a little boy, than almost any thing else. They were the first words which my mother taught me.

“My father grafted a pear tree,” continued he; “it was a very choice graft, and he watched it with great care. The second year it blossomed, but it bore only one pear. In the summer the pear began to ripen; a rich red glow was gradually dyeing its cheeks, and its grain was clear and healthy.

“‘Is it not almost ripe?’ said I, as I followed father one day down to the pear tree; ‘I long for a bite of it.’

“‘Wait patiently, my child,’ said my father; ‘it will not be fully ripe for a week. When it is ripe you shall have a piece of it.’

“I thought that I liked pears much better than any thing else. I used to stop often and look longingly up to the tree. ‘O, how good the pear looks!’ I used to think, smacking my lips; ‘I wish it was all mine.’

“One night, after we were in bed, my brother fell asleep long before I did. I tossed about, and could not sleep. I arose and went to the window. It was a warm, still, summer night; there was no moon, no noise, except the hum of numberless insects. My father and mother were gone away.

I put my head out of the window and peeped into the garden.

"A few moments found me creeping down the back stairs. The slightest creaking frightened me. I stopped on every stair to listen. Nancy was busy somewhere else, and John had gone to bed. At last I fairly felt my way to the garden door. It was fastened. It seemed to take me a long while to unlock it, so fearful was I of making a noise. At last I opened it, went out, and latched it after me.

"It was good to get out in the cool night air. I ran down the walk. The patting of my feet made no noise on the moist earth. I stopped a moment and looked all round, then turned in the direction of the pear tree. Presently I was beneath its branches. I cast my eyes to the heavens, and saw a bright star looking down upon me through the leaves. 'Thou, God, seest me,' escaped from my lips. The star seemed like the eye of God spying me out under the pear tree.

"It was some time before I dared to move, so vivid was the impression made upon my mind by the awful truth in those four words—'Thou, God, seest me.' I *knew* he saw me. I *felt* that he saw me.

"I hastened from the pear tree. Nothing on earth would, at that moment, have tempted me to touch the pear. With very different feelings did I creep back to the bed again. I lay down beside my brother, feeling thankful that I had resisted the temptation."

Children, learn these four small words. Impress them upon your hearts. Think of them when you lie down, when you get up, and when you go by the way : when alone, or when with your companions, both at home and abroad, remember — “Thou, God, seest me.”

grăft'ed	rĭ'pen	hěalth'y	tössed
crēēp'ing	blōs'somed	dye'ing	bēt'ter
nūm'ber-lēss	crēak'ing	lis'ten ¹	pēēped
mōist	spÿ'ing	im-prēs'sion	fās'tened ²
lătched	es-căped'	vĭv'id	âw'fûl

LXV.—THE LITTLE GRAVES.

"Twas autumn, and the leaves were dry,
And rustled on the ground ;
And chilly winds went whistling by
With low and pensive sound.

As through the graveyard's lone retreat,
By meditation led,
I walked with slow and cautious feet
Above the sleeping dead,

Three little graves, ranged side by side,
My close attention drew ;
O'er two the tall grass, bending, sighed,
And one seemed fresh and new.

¹ Pron. lis'sn. ² fās'snd.

As, lingering there, I mused a while
On death's long, dreamless sleep,
And morning life's deceitful smile,
A mourner came to weep.

Her form was bowed, but not with years ;
Her words were faint and few ;
And on those little graves her tears
Distilled like evening dew.

A prattling boy, some four years old,
Her trembling hand embraced ;
And from my heart the tale he told
Will never be effaced.

"Mamma, now you must love me more,"
For little sister's dead ;
And t' other sister died before,
And brother, too, you said.

"Mamma, what made sweet sister die?—
She loved me when we played ;
You told me, if I would not cry,
You'd show me where she's laid."

"'Tis here, my child, that sister lies,
Deep buried in the ground ;
No light comes to her little eyes,
And she can hear no sound."

"Mamma, why can't we take her up,
And put her in my bed ?

I'll feed her from my little cup —
And then she won't be dead.

"For sister 'll be afraid to lie
In this dark grave to-night,
And she'll be very cold, and cry
Because there is no light."

"No, sister is not cold, my child,
For God, who saw her die,
As he looked down from héaven, and smiled,
Called her above the sky.

"And then her spirit quickly fled
To God, by whom 'twas given ;
Her body in the ground is dead,
But sister lives in heaven."

"Mamma, won't she be hungry there,
And want some bread to eat ?
And who will give her clothes to wear,
And keep them clean and neat ?

"Papa must go and carry some ;
I'll send her all I've got ;
And he must bring sweet sister home —
Mamma, now must he not ?"

"No, my dear child, that cannot be ;
But if you're good and true,
You'll one day go to her ; but she
Can never come to you."

'twas ¹	whis'tling ²	re-tréat'	cáu'tious ⁴
de-céit'fûl	böwed	prät'tling	ef-fäced'
bé-före'	cân't	ī'll	rüs'tled ⁵
pén'sive	mëd-ì-tā'tion	līn'gër-īng ³	mōurn'er
dis'tilled'	em-bräced'	mām-mä'	'tīg
shē'll	yoū'd	child	dēēp

LXVI.—TEA, COFFEE, SUGAR, AND CHOCOLATE.

TEA is the dried leaves of an evergreen shrub which grows in China, Japan, and Siam. The flower is like that of the wild rose, and its root is like that of the pear tree. It was introduced into Europe by the Dutch in the early part of the seventeenth century.¹

The various kinds of teas — such as Bohea, Sou-chong, Hyson, Pekoe — do not come from the same plant. Bohea, or black tea, has a flower with six petals, or leaves; and that which produces Hyson, or green tea, has nine. The plants, or shrubs, are in their highest perfection when about three years old.

The leaves, when plucked from the plant, are put into wide, shallow baskets, and placed in the air, or sunshine, during some hours. They are then put on a flat cast-iron pan, over a stove heated with

¹ The seventeenth century is the period from 1600 to 1701.

¹ Pron. twōz. ² hwī's'ling. ³ līng'gër-īng. ⁴ káu'shqs. ⁵ rūs'ald.

charcoal — from a half to three quarters of a pound of leaves being operated upon at one time. These leaves are stirred quickly about with a kind of brush, and are then as quickly swept off the pan into baskets.

The next process is that of rolling, which is effected by carefully rubbing them between the hands; after which they are again put in larger quantities on the pan, and exposed anew to heat; but at this time to a lower degree than at first, and just sufficient to dry them effectually without risk of scorching.

The tea is then placed on a table, and carefully picked over, every defective and imperfectly dried leaf being removed, in order that the sample may present a better appearance when offered for sale.

Coffee is the berry of an evergreen shrub which grows in Arabia and the East and West Indies. It is about ten feet high, and its berry, when ripe, is red, and not very unlike a cherry.

At the proper time, the fruit is gathered, dried in the sun, and the berries extracted from the outer pulp by the aid of mills: these are again dried, and afterwards roasted, ground, and boiled in water.

Sugar is the produce of a plant called the *sugar cane*, which somewhat resembles our Indian corn. It grows in the West Indies, and in many other warm countries. It is about ten feet high, and about two inches in diameter.¹

¹ The *diameter* of any thing is its thickness through.

The canes are planted from slips, and at the end of ten months become large plants, are quite ripe, and full of a rich, sweet, juicy matter. They are then cut down, and next crushed in a mill: they are afterwards boiled, and the sweet liquor is clarified, or made clear.

On cooling, the sugar is deposited at the bottom, and the liquor which remains is molasses. This sugar is brown in color, and like gravel, or sand, in consistency. Loaf sugar is the same sugar still further purified.

Cocoa is the produce of the cocoa tree of the West Indies and South America. Chocolate is made from the nuts of the cocoa, by grinding them into a powder, and mixing with them spices, sugar, and water — thus making them into a paste, which is pressed into moulds, and then taken out and dried.

tēa	sěv'en-tēenth	vā'ri-oŭs	Sōu-çhōng' ³
Jā-păn'	cěnt'u-ry	Bō-hēa'	Hŷ'son
Pē-kōe'	pro-dŭ'ceş	per-fēc'tiōn	ŏp'er-āt-ēd
stirred	quan'ti-tieş ²	suf-fi'ciēnt	scōrch'ing
cōff'fee	ap-pēar'ance	In'dieş	dī-ām'ē-tēd
lik'ur ¹	con-sist'en-cy	dē-pōş'it-ēd	cō'cōa
spi'ceş	prěssed	pēt'alş	shāl'lōw
dŭr'ing	swěpt	prōç'ess	dē-grēē'
ŏffered	ef-fēc't'u-al-ly	dē-fēc'tive	A-rā'bi-ş
prōd'uce	jūi'cy	clār'i-fied	pŭ'r'i-fied
mōulds	mō-lās'seş	chōc'ō-late	dried

¹ Pron. lik'ur.² kwōn'tē-ti-z.³ sō-shōng'.

LXVII.—GENEROUSITY AND SELFISHNESS.

WILLIAM MORRIS and Henry Martin were cousins. They lived in the country, and both went to the same school.

William was a good little boy, ten years old, with rosy cheeks and brown, curly hair. He tried to please his mother, his father, his brothers and sisters, his playmates, his teacher, and every person that he met.

Henry was eleven years old, with dark, straight hair, and large, black eyes. He tried to please himself. If his mother wished him to do any thing for her, he would do it, if it was agreeable to him; but, if it was any thing which he did not like to do, he would not do it, if he could help it.

William always did his duty at school. He prepared his lessons regularly every day, and was a great favorite both with the teacher and scholars; while Henry was generally remiss in his lessons, and frequently quarrelled with his schoolmates.

William had always a bright look, and a kind word for every body; and you would know, as soon as you saw him, that he was one of the happiest boys in the world. But Henry had generally rather a sulky look, and never seemed quite happy.

One bright morning in June, as they were on their way to school, they met two boys with fishing rods in their hands. These boys were of the same age as William and Henry; but their parents

were poor, ignorant people, who, instead of sending them to school, let them run about the streets, and play in the fields and woods, whenever they desired.

Henry thought that nothing could be more pleasant than such a life; and as soon as he saw them, he said to William, "I shall not go to school this morning. I am going a-fishing with Thomas Smith." Thomas was the larger of the two boys, and well known in the whole village as a reckless, bad boy.

"But, Henry," said William, "what will your father say? You know you ought not to play truant; and, besides, your father does not like to have you go with Thomas Smith."

"I do not care," replied Henry. "I want to go, and I am going. You will not tell the teacher, I know. I shall cut a rod in the woods down by the brook, and I can borrow a hook and line of one of the boys."

William knew how wilful his cousin was, and that it would be useless to try to persuade him to go to school. So he walked on, while Henry joined the boys, who seemed much pleased to have an addition to their number.

"A fine day this, to be shut up in a school house," said Thomas. "For my part, I do not see what boys go to school for. I would rather a great deal be out among the woods, fishing, or shooting squirrels."

"I hate school too," said Henry; "and I would never go again, if I could help it." And he thought to himself how pleasant it was to be out in the

woods, with nothing to do but to amuse himself, while his cousin was hard at work in school.

Thomas Smith cut a rod for Henry, and gave him an old fishing line, which he had in his pocket, while the other boy furnished him with a hook and some bait.

They commenced fishing, without much success; and, after trying an hour or two, Thomas exclaimed, "This will never do, boys. We must go over to Black River." This was a stream, two or three miles distant, where Henry had never been.

They walked across the fields and through the woods, carrying with them the few fish which they had caught. Henry, however, could not help thinking that he was not having quite so good a time as he anticipated. He knew, too, that he was doing what his father and mother would not approve of; and the vulgar words of his companions frequently grated rather unpleasantly on his ear.

Before they reached the river it was noon, and Henry thought that his schoolfellows were now out of school, enjoying themselves the more highly from the feeling that they had done their duty. He pictured to himself William on his way home from school; and then he thought of his own home, and the anxiety his father and mother would feel at his absence, and he felt very unhappy.

In about an hour they reached the river, and began to fish. The sport was excellent. They caught a great many fish, which were of a much larger size than those which they had taken in the brook near the village.

gĕn'er-ŏs'i-ty	gĕn'er-al-ly	sŭl'ky	ă-grĕe'ă-ble
quar'elled ¹	hăp'pĭ-est	rĕ-mĭss'	ĭg'no-rănt
rĕck'less	fŭr'nished	suc-cĕss'	ăp-prŏve'
pĭct'ured ²	ŭn-plĕas'ănt-ly	bŏr'rŏw	dĭs'tănt
cărr'y-ĭng	ăn-tĭc'ĭ-păt-ĕd	grăt'ĕd	ĕx'ĕl-lĕnt

LXVIII.—GENEROUSITY AND SELFISHNESS, CONCLUDED.



AFTER they had fished about two hours, Thomas Smith proposed that they should all go and swim. He said that he knew of an excellent place on the

¹ Pron. kwŏr'rĕld.

² pĭkt'yŭrd.

other side of the river, where the water was not deep, and where there was a smooth, sandy bottom.

"But," said Henry, "how can we get across?"

"O," answered Thomas, "I will manage that; we will make a raft. There is a bridge over the river; but it is three miles farther down the stream, and we cannot wait to go so far."

So they made a raft of some boards, which they found, strong enough to carry them. Thomas then took his fishing rod, and pushed boldly off into the stream. They landed on the opposite bank, and then walked up the river a short distance until they came to a little cove, where the water was still, and where they could see the smooth, yellow bottom.

Here they went into the water. Thomas Smith swam boldly out into the stream. The other boys kept near the shore, and did not venture beyond their depth.

Henry, who could not swim, amused himself for a while in the shallow water; but in moving about, while looking at his companions, he lost his footing, and in a moment the current swept him out into the deep water.

The younger boy shrieked as he saw Henry go under water. He called Thomas to aid him; but Thomas had lost all presence of mind, and looked on in a stupefied manner, without attempting to assist him. Henry uttered a frightful shriek as he rose to the surface, after sinking the first time, and then again disappeared beneath the dark surface of the river.

There seemed now no hope for him ; but suddenly a man, who had heard the shouts of the boys, appeared on the opposite bank, and, without saying a word, plunged in, and succeeded, though only with great difficulty, in bringing him to the shore.

When taken from the water, Henry was nearly dead ; but the man carried him to a farm house near by, where he was well cared for, and having been wrapped in warm blankets, and well rubbed with coarse towels, he was at last restored to life.

When he was sufficiently recovered, he was placed in a wagon, and sent home. When his father and mother learned how narrow had been their son's escape from death, they were much affected ; but they hoped that his misfortune would prove a useful lesson to him.

He was very sick for a long time ; and during the long hours in which he lay in bed, weak and helpless, he had ample time for reflection on his past conduct, and to make good resolutions for the future.

As for William Morris, I hardly need tell you that the day which brought so much suffering to Henry, was to him a happy one. He went to school as usual, studied hard, got his lessons well, and when school hours were passed, the remembrance of the labor he had gone through increased the enjoyment of his play.

And now you can determine which of these little boys was the wiser. One tried to please others, the other endeavored to please himself. One succeeded,

the other failed. And so it will always be. Those who are generous, and think little of their own comfort, will be happy, while the selfish will be as miserable as they deserve.

pro-pōsed'	fär'ther	vent'ure	cūr'rent
sür'face	wrăpped ¹	wăg'on	sŭf'fer-ing
mĭș'er-a-ble	sănd'y	böld'ly	shăl'lōw
stū'pe-fied	ŏp'pō-sĭte	rŭbbed ²	re-flēc'tiōn

LXIX.—THE ANIMAL KINGDOM.

ALL animals have not the same shape. There is a great difference between a dog and a sparrow, a herring and a frog, a spider and a snail. The dog has four legs, and therefore belongs to the class of animals which are called *quadrupeds*. Quadruped means an animal which has four legs and feet.

The sparrow has only two legs; but it has also two wings; it is clothed with feathers, and lays eggs; and it belongs to the class of animals which are called *birds*.

The herring has neither legs nor wings; it has neither hair, like the dog, nor feathers, like the sparrow; but it is covered with scales. It can neither walk, like the dog, nor fly, like the sparrow; but it can swim—that is, it can move from place to place in the water. For this purpose it uses its fins

¹ Pron. răpt.

² rŭbd.

and its tail. It belongs to the class of animals which are called *fishes*, and lives only in the water.

The frog has four legs. Its hind legs are the longest, and they are more useful for swimming than for moving about on the ground. It cannot walk, but only leap. It lives both in the water and on land, and therefore is one of the class of animals which are called *amphibious*. An amphibious animal is one that lives both on the land and in the water.

The spider has eight legs. It has whitish blood, and is one of the class of animals which are called *insects*.

The snail has no legs, and can only creep. It has whitish blood, and is one of the class of animals which are called *worms*.

Almost every animal has a peculiar voice. The lark and the nightingale sing; the magpie chatters; the cock crows; the peacock screams; the goose hisses; the owl hoots; the dog barks; the bee hums; the goat and the sheep bleat; the horse neighs; the cow lows; the lion roars; the cat mews; the frog croaks; and the cricket chirps. The fishes, the worms, and many of the insects, seem to have no voice.

Animals are provided by nature with clothing. Some are covered with hair, some with wool, some with bristles, some with feathers, some with scales, and others with shell.

Tame animals are supplied with food by man. Wild animals seek their own food. Some of them

kill other animals, and then eat them ; these are called *beasts of prey*. Others devour dead animals ; others live on grass, herbs, roots, leaves, flowers, and grain, and even on plants which would poison us.

Oxen, cows, sheep, horses, and goats eat grass. Dogs and cats eat flesh. Fowls and geese eat various kinds of grain. Bees live on the juices of flowers. Caterpillars, and many other insects, live on leaves.

Some animals have arms and legs, as the apes ; others, such as snakes and worms, have neither arms nor legs. Some animals have two legs ; others four, others six or eight, and some many more. Some have wings, as birds ; others fins, as fishes ; and others, as insects and worms, have feelers, like horns, which they can draw in or thrust out as they please.

Animals sleep when they are tired ; and some of them, the hare for instance, sleep with their eyes open ; some sleep standing, as the horse often does. Many of them sleep in the daytime, because they hunt at night for prey : this is the case with owls and bats, and several wild beasts. Some animals, like the dormouse, sleep through the whole winter, and do not wake till warm weather returns.

spär'rōw	quad'ru-pēdʒ ¹	scāleʒ	whīt'ish
pēa'cōck	brīs'tles ²	hēr'ring	mēanʒ
pē-cūl'iār	əm-phīb'i-ōūs	neighʒ ³	prey ⁴
dör'mōūse	căt'er-pīl-larʒ	jūi'ceʒ	wēath'ēr

¹ Pron. kwōd'ru-pēdz.² brīs'slz.³ nāz.⁴ prē.

LXX.—BENEFITS DERIVED FROM ANIMALS.

WE make great use of some of the animals, particularly of sheep, of oxen, and of cows. The sheep gives us wool, of which we make our clothes. The flesh of the sheep, when it is killed, is called *mutton*.

The flesh of the ox is called *beef*. Its hide, or skin, is tanned into leather, of which the shoemaker makes shoes and boots. In many countries the ox draws the plough. The cow gives us milk; and butter and cheese are made of milk.

Horses are useful for riding, for drawing carriages, and for ploughing. Mules are smaller than horses; they are very strong, and carry heavy loads, but are not so swift-footed as horses.

In cold countries the reindeer draws sledges; and in hot countries the elephant and the camel carry heavy loads for the use of man.

Birds are useful in various ways. Some delight us with their song; some serve for food, both with their flesh and their eggs; some supply feathers, with which beds are filled. Others destroy vermin, which would injure our fruits, and some large birds kill snakes and lizards.

Fowls are commonly kept in poultry yards; water-fowl, such as ducks, swim about in ponds; singing birds are heard in the woods and fields, and some, as bullfinches and canaries, are kept in cages. Birds of prey, such as eagles, vultures, and hawks, seldom come within the reach of man.

Fishes also supply man with food. There are some countries where the inhabitants live all the year round mostly upon fish.

Insects render us service in destroying weeds, and in consuming the carcasses of dead animals, which would make the air unwholesome. Bees supply us with honey and wax, which they store in beehives.

Some sorts of shell fish are eatable, such as the oyster, the lobster, and the crab. Mother-of-pearl, of which the handles of penknives are sometimes made, is found in the shells of fish.

Some little insects are useful in making sponge. They make it upon rocks in the sea; and they live in the holes which we see in the sponge.

The leech, which is a sort of worm, is often very useful to some sick persons by sucking their blood, and thus saving their lives.

Many animals serve us with their skins. Such animals are the ox, the calf, the sheep, the horse, the hog, the goat, and the deer. Various kinds of leather are made of their skins; and shoes, saddles, harness, trunks, and many other useful things, are made of leather.

There is also an animal called the seal, whose skin is very useful. Oil, for burning in lamps, is also obtained from the seal, and from other animals, as the whale.

The skins or hides of animals, when they are thickly covered with soft downy hair, are made into furs. The short hair of some animals is scraped off, and used in making hats.

The animals whose flesh is eaten, are the ox, the sheep, the hog, the deer, the hare, the rabbit, fowls, ducks, geese, turkeys, the partridge, the pheasant, and many others.

bĕn'ĕ-fĭts	mŭt'ton	shōe'mā-kĕr	plōūgh'ing
ĭn'jŭre	pōul'try	sĕr'vice	ōys'tĕr
spōnge	hār'ness	ŭn-whōle'sōme	māk'ing
rāb'bit	dĕ-rĭved'	tānned ²	cār'riā-geŝ
rein'dēēr ¹	lĭz'ardŝ	cā-nā'riĕŝ	cār'cass-eŝ
ĕat'ā-ble	lōb'stĕr	sād'dleŝ	fūrŝ
phĕas'ant	sāv'ing	dēēr	fōwlŝ

LXXI. — FAITH IN GOD.

I KNEW a widow, very poor,
 Who four small children had ;
 The eldest was but six years old —
 A gentle, modest lad.

And very hard this widow toiled
 To feed her children four ;
 An honest pride the woman felt,
 Though she was very poor.

To labor, she would leave her home —
 For children must be fed ;
 And glad was she when she could buy
 A shilling's worth of bread.

¹ Pron. rān'dēr. ² tānd.

And this was all the children had
On any day to eat ;
They drank their water, ate their bread,
But never tasted meat.

One day, when snow was falling fast,
And piercing was the air,
I thought that I would go and see
How these poor children were.

Ere long I reached their cheerless home ; —
’Twas searched by every breeze ; —
When, going in, the eldest child
I saw upon his knees.

I paused to listen to the boy —
He never raised his head,
But still went on, and said, “ Give us
This day our daily bread.”

I waited till the child was done,
Still listening as he prayed ;
And, when he rose, I asked him why
The Lord’s Prayer he had said.

“ Why, sir,” said he, “ this morning, when
My mother went away,
She wept, because, she said, she had
No bread for us to-day.

“ She said we children now must starve,
Our father being dead ;

And then I told her not to cry,
For I could get some bread.

“ ‘Our Father,’ sir, the prayer begins;
Which makes me think that he —
As we have no kind father here —
Would our kind Father be.

“And then, you know, the prayer, sir, too,
Asks God for bread each day;
So in the corner, sir, I went; —
And that’s what made me pray.”

I quickly left that wretched room,
And went with fleeting feet;
And very soon was back again,
With food enough to eat.

“I thought God heard me,” said the boy;
I answered with a nod;
I could not speak; but much I thought
Of that boy’s faith in God.

wīd'ōw	ġën'tle	shī'l'ingz	chēēr'less
brēēze	tāst'ed	ēld'est	mōd'est
piēr'cing	sēarched ¹	līs'ten-īng ²	thōught ³

¹ Pron. sērcht. ² līs'sn-īng. ³ thāwt.

LXXII.—ALWAYS FOLLOW GOOD ADVICE.

CHILDREN who do not attend to good advice will suffer for it. William was coming from school one very cold day in the winter; and as he was passing with some other boys over a bridge, he saw that the river was covered with ice. It had been freezing sharply for two days.

"Come," said he to his companions, "let us have a slide!" They were all ready to join him, and immediately ran down some steps that led to the river.

At the bottom of the steps, an old man met them, who said, "Boys, are you running to the ice? It is not strong enough to bear you; it will break and let you in."

The boys paused and feared to venture upon the ice; but William alone disregarded the kind warning. He stepped upon the ice, and called out to his companions, "For shame, you cowards! What is there to be afraid of?"

But he had not gone many steps before the ice broke under his feet, and he was plunged into the water. All the boys ran off crying out loudly, and William would have perished, if the old man had not ran to the spot and saved him.

William trembled from head to foot, was as pale as death, and at first could not utter a word. Though his wet clothes were taken off, and great care was taken of him, he was very ill, and con-

fin~~e~~d to his bed for several weeks. He was often heard to say, after his recovery, that *those who do not at~~e~~nd to good advice will suffer for it.*

əd-vīce'	frēēz'ing	stēpped	com-păn'ions ²
sūf'fer	pâused	good ¹	re-cōv'er-y

LXXIII.—STRICT HONESTY.

Sarah. Will you bring me a sheet of writing paper, Jane? for I must write a letter.

Jane. Where am I to find it?

Sarah. Why, there is plenty in Mrs. Homer's letter case in the parlor.

Jane. Yes; but that is not mine, nor yours either.

Sarah. Well, what does that signify? I am sure there is plenty; she will never miss it; and what is the value of a sheet of paper?

Jane. Why, whether my mistress should miss it or not makes no difference at all. It is not mine, and I shall not take it; it would not be honest.

Sarah. Honest, indeed! Well, I never was suspected of being dishonest in my life. I lived four years in my last place, and had a good character for honesty when I came away, and I never scrupled to take a trifle of that kind either.

¹ Pron. gûd.

² com-păn'yūns

Jane. It seems, then, that your mistress did not know that these trifles were taken, or perhaps the character she gave you might have been different.

Sarah. Why, as to that, what is the value, I repeat, of a sheet of paper? My mistress can afford to lose it well enough, I warrant you.

Jane. It seems to me that the value of the thing signifies nothing; the question is, whether it is mine, or whether it is not; and if it is not, I have no right to it. If we take a little thing because we think it will not be missed, it is a sign that we only keep our hands from greater things because we think they will be missed.

Sarah. I think I would not take a thing of great value which did not belong to me.

Jane. But if you have a right principle, it will keep you from small crimes as well as great ones.

Sarah. I believe you are right; but I cannot help thinking that you are too particular. Why, the other day, when a few little cakes came out of the dining room after dinner, you would not so much as give me one; and I dare say you would not touch one yourself.

Jane. I could not give you one, because they were not mine; and, for the same reason, I, of course, could not touch one myself.

Sarah. Why not? They never would have been missed; no one would have counted them. I would not touch one for the world if I thought they would miss them, for they never would have believed me to be honest again; and, with a servant, character is every thing.

Jane. Why, to be sure, to be a servant, character is a great thing; but, I think, principle is a greater. If we forget what is the right principle to act upon, and only think of character, I doubt not there will be many a time when the temptation to do wrong will lead us astray, when we think that nobody is looking on; therefore the Scripture rule, "Thou, God, seest me," is always the right rule in great things, as well as little.

writ'ing	scrú'pled	sýg'ni-fies	mýssed
dín'ing	thínk	döúbt ²	Scríp't'ure
sus-péct'ed	chär'ac-ter ¹	quës'tion	prín'ci-ple
cōurse	sër'vant	à-strāy'	nō'bod-y

LXXIV.—PRESENCE OF MIND.

MRS. FREEMAN, one day having occasion to be bled, sent for the surgeon. As soon as he entered the room, her young daughter, Eliza, started up, and was hastily going away, when her mother called her back.

Mrs. F. Do not go, Eliza; I want you to stay by me:

Eliza. Dear mother, I can never bear to see you bled.

Mrs. F. Why not? What harm will it do you?

¹ Pron. kăr'ak-ter. ² döút.

E. I cannot look at blood! Besides, I cannot bear to see you hurt, mother.

Mrs. F. If I can bear to feel it, surely you may see it. But you must stay, and we will talk about it afterwards.

Eliza then, pale and trembling, stood by her mother, and saw the whole operation. She could not help, however, turning her head away when the incision was made, and the first flow of blood made her start and shudder.

"Well, Eliza, what do you think of this mighty matter now?" said Mrs. Freeman, when all was over. "Would not it have been very foolish for you to have run away?"

E. But why should I stay to see it? I could do you no good.

Mrs. F. Perhaps not; but it will do you good to be accustomed to such sights.

E. Why, mother?

Mrs. F. Because instances are every day happening in which it is our duty to assist fellow-creatures in circumstances of pain and distress; and if we were to indulge a reluctance to come near to them on those occasions, we should never acquire either the knowledge or the presence of mind necessary for the purpose.

E. But if I had been told how to help people in such cases, could not I do it without being used to see them?

Mrs. F. No. We have all naturally a horror at every thing which is the cause of pain and dan-

ger to ourselves or others; and nothing but habit can give most of us the presence of mind necessary to enable us in such occurrences to employ our knowledge to the best advantage.

E. What is presence of mind, mother?

Mrs. F. It is that steady possession of our selves, in cases of alarm, that prevents us from being flurried or frightened. Do you not remember hearing of your cousin Mary's cap taking fire at the candle?

E. O, yes, very well.

Mrs. F. The maid, as soon as she saw it, set up a great scream, and ran out of the room; and Mary might have been burned to death.

E. How foolish that was!

Mrs. F. Yes; the girl had not the least presence of mind, and the consequence was, that she was entirely useless. But as soon as your aunt came up, she took the right method for preventing the mischief. The cap was too much on fire to be pulled off; so she took a quilt from the bed and flung it round Mary's head, and thus stifled the flame.

E. Mary was a good deal scorched, though.

Mrs. F. Yes; but it was very well that it was no worse. If the maid, however, had acted with any sense at first, no harm at all would have been done, except burning the cap. I remember a much more fatal example of the want of presence of mind. The mistress of a family was awakened by flames bursting through the wainscot into her chamber.

She ran to the staircase; and, in her confusion, instead of going up stairs to call her children, who slept together in the nursery overhead, and who might have all escaped by the top of the house, she ran down, and, with much danger, made way through the fire into the street. When she had got thither, the thought of her poor children rushed into her mind; but it was too late. The stairs had caught fire, so that nobody could get near them, and they were burned in their beds.

E. What a sad thing!

Mrs. F. Sad, indeed! Now I will tell you of a different conduct. A lady was awakened by the crackling of fire, and saw it shining under her chamber door. Her husband would immediately have opened the door; but she prevented him, since the smoke and flame would then have burst in upon them. The children, with a maid, slept in a room opening out of theirs. She went and awakened them; and, tying together the sheets and blankets, she let down the maid from the window first, and then let down the children one by one to her. Last of all she descended herself. A few minutes after, the floor fell in, and all the house was in flames.

E. What a happy escape!

Mrs. F. Yes; and with what presence of mind it was managed! For mothers to love their children, and be willing to run any hazards for them, is common; but in weak minds that very love is apt to prevent exertions in the time of danger. I knew a lady who had a fine little boy sitting in

her lap. He put a plum into his mouth, which slipped into his throat, and choked him. The poor fellow turned black and struggled violently; and the mother was so frightened that, instead of putting her finger into his throat and pulling out the plum, which might easily have been done, she laid him on the floor, and ran to call assistance. But the maids who came up were as much flurried as she; and the child died before any thing effectual was done to relieve him.

E. How unhappy she must have been about it!

Mrs. F. Yes; it threw her into an illness which came very near costing her her life. Another lady, seeing her little boy climb up a high ladder, set up a violent scream that frightened the child, so that he fell down and was much hurt; whereas, if she had possessed command enough over herself to speak to him gently, he might have got down safely.

prēs'ence	sūr'geon	in-cĩs'ion	hōr'rōr
ac-cūs'tomed	fā'tal	where-ās' ²	hāz'ards
oc-cā'sion	dāugh'ter ¹	mīght'y ³	nūr'se-ry
re-luc'tance	flūr'ried	pos'sessed'	tȳ'ing

LXXV.—DANGER OF DISOBEDIENCE.

HORACE JONES lived in a beautiful town, on the bank of a very large river. He was only six years

¹ Pron. dāw'ter. ² hwār'az. ³ mī'tē.

old, and his parents had forbidden him ever to go near the river alone ; for the banks were, in some places, very steep, and the water rushed along with great rapidity, so that there was great danger in going very near.

One bright summer morning Horace set out for school, with his satchel of books swung over his shoulder. His road to school led him along the bank of the river, and his mother had always charged him not to go down to the water. This morning, as she put on his collar, and brushed his hair, she said to him, "I hope you will not go down to the edge of the water. Only think how dreadful it would be to be drowned in that deep river !"

"O, no, mother !" said Horace, and away he ran, his bright curls dancing in the wind as he bounded along.

He was a merry little fellow, and, as he went along, he stopped, every moment or two, to pick the wild flowers which grew on the side of the road, or ran after a butterfly.

It was a very pleasant morning ; the birds were singing in the trees, and the "busy bees" were flying from flower to flower, dipping in their heads for the sweet honey, and buzzing away, to each other, about the bright sunshine.

The tall trees, on each side of the road, were whispering, as they bent their high heads to the warm, soft wind ; and the little boy's heart was full of happiness.



Presently a flock of geese came along the road to the river, cackling and screaming. As they passed half flying and half running, Horace thought that it would be good fun to chase them; so, without thinking of his mother's wishes, away he went, shouting and laughing, and swinging his cap over his head.

The geese got to the water before him, and in they splashed, one after the other, diving, and dashing the spray all over each other, and then swimming gracefully about.

Horace stood watching them with delight, and quite forgot that it was school time.

"O, how I wish I could swim!" said he; "how cool the water would feel this hot morning! How I hate to sit in that warm school room all day, studying spelling lessons!"

Just at this moment he saw a little boat, tied to a stake, close by him.

"I might get into that boat," he thought, "and sit there, and watch the geese; that would be beautiful. I wonder why mother is so afraid to have me go near the water; it could not do me any harm to just step into the boat."

He stood thinking a little while, and looked up and down the river. The water was as clear and blue as the sky; and a few light clouds, that were reflected in it, looked to Horace like a flock of sheep. Wherever the sunlight fell on the river, it sparkled so brightly that it dazzled his eyes; and near the bank the trees cast a deep shadow over it. Every leaf was reflected, in the clear, smooth surface, as distinctly as if it had been a looking-glass.

Horace thought all this was very beautiful, and he thought how pleasant it would be to get into the little boat, and float calmly and gently over the still river. He walked down to the boat. It was a new one, painted bright green, with a red stripe round the edge. There were two oars in it, and a nice seat.

Horace looked at the boat a moment longer, and then on the bright water, and the geese that were playing about; then he put one foot into it, and took up one of the oars. They were very light, and he thought that he could row quite well with them. So, forgetting his mother's command, he stepped in, sat down, untied the rope that fastened it to the

shore, and the swift current carried the disobedient boy away down the stream.

The boat floated close to the geese, and Horace laughed heartily to see their fright. But the rapid river did not let the boat stay long in one spot, but hurried it along.

All this while, his mother thought him safe at school. She would have been much frightened if she had known his danger. The hours passed away, and it was noon ; but he did not come home. When dinner was ready, he was nowhere to be found. They sent one of his older brothers to see if he had not stopped to play on the road. He could not find him ; but he met the schoolmistress, who told him that Horace had not been to school that day.

He ran towards home again, inquiring of all he met if they had seen his little brother. No one knew any thing about him, except one man, who said he saw him about nine o'clock, running towards the river, after the geese.

The anxious boy ran down to the river, but did not find his brother. He observed, however, that the boat he had seen there in the morning was gone ; and, looking a little farther, he found his brother's satchel. As soon as he found this, he burst into tears ; he felt sure that Horace had gone off in the boat, and hastened home to tell his fears.

His parents were very much frightened ; and his father and brothers set out to hunt for him. In vain did they go to every neighbor, and inquire for the lost boy ; no one had seen him.

The alarm spread, and several men went out in boats, to row up and down the river in search of him, for all were sorry for the distressed parents ; but no boat was seen, and they returned.

The next day passed, and still he could not be found. At last, however, towards night, a man, who was out fishing, found the little green boat, and brought it to its owner.

On the afternoon of the third day, a gentleman, who had been down the river in a boat, came back with the body of the lost child. He had found it, about three miles from the town, among some bushes, on a small island. Many hearts ached as they looked on the poor boy, who, but a few days before, was so full of health and joy.

O, how his parents, and brothers, and sisters felt, as they saw him buried in the cold ground ! He had died in his youth and beauty, and the very last thing he had done, before his spirit left this world, was to break a commandment of God, which says, "Honor thy father and thy mother, that thy days may be long upon the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee."

Horace had been taught this commandment ; he knew what it meant ; and he knew how wicked disobedience was. Yet he sometimes forgot it ; and the consequence was fatal to him.

If God did not take care of you all the time, you would not be safe a moment ; and you cannot expect him to take care of you when you will not obey him. Whenever you are tempted to disobey

your parents, you must always repeat the fifth commandment.

fɔr-bɪd'den	ʃəʊl'dər	drɛəd'fʊl	dɪp'pɪŋ
hæp'pɪ-nɛss	skrɛəm'ɪŋ	swɪŋ'ɪŋ	rɛ-flɛkt'ɛd
ʃhəd'ɔw	dɪs-tɪnkt'ly	ɡɛn'tly	hʊr'riɛd
ɛx-cɛpt'	æchɛd ¹	fɪfth	rə-pɪd'i-ty
cɔl'lər	ɛdʒɛ	bʊzz'ɪŋ	ɔɔk'kɪŋ
rʊn'nɪŋ	ɡræc'e'fʊl-ly	dæz'zled	sʊr'fæcɛ
floət	pæɪnt'ɛd	tɔ'wərdz	ænx'ɪʊs ³
hɛalth	rɛ-pɛət'	tæʊht ²	tɛmpt'ɛd

LXXVI.—THE DROWNED CHILD.

PUSH away the dripping ringlets
 From the childish brow and fair ;
 Weep, and kiss the little sleeper
 Lying in his beauty there.

See the eyelid's silken fringes
 Sweeping o'er the cheek of snow ;
 Never more will tear-drop gather
 In the eyes that sparkled so.

Ask the waters if they heard not,
 As they gleamed and flashed away,
 Sound of angel-pinions, blending
 With the music of their spray ; —

¹ Pron. ækt. ² tæwt. ³ æŋk'shʊs.

If they saw not, in the sunlight,
 Angel forms from heaven come —
 Come to bear away our Willie
 To his bright and starry home ?

drīp'pīng	slēāp'ər	frīn'gēs	ō'er ¹
glēamed	rīng'lets	lī'ing	eē'e'līdʒ ²
spār'kled	pīn'ions	stār'ry	mū'sic
blēnd'ing	sūn'light	ə-wāy'	bright ³

LXXVII.—MOTHER, WHAT IS DEATH?

“MOTHER, how still the baby lies!
 I cannot hear his breath;
 I cannot see his laughing eyes —
 They tell me this is death.

“My little work I thought to bring,
 And sat down by his bed,
 And pleasantly I tried to sing:
 They hushed me — he is dead.

“They say that he again will rise,
 More beautiful than now;
 That God will bless him in the skies —
 O mother, tell me how!”

“Daughter, do you remember, dear,
 The cold, dark thing you brought,

¹ Pron. ōr. ² r'ij. ³ brit.

And laid upon the casement here, —
A withered worm, you thought ?

“ I told you that Almighty power
Could break that withered shell,
And show you, in a future hour,
Something would please you well.

“ Look at the chrysalis, my love, —
An empty shell it lies ;
Now raise your wondering glance above,
To where yon insect flies ! ”

“ O, yes, mamma ! how very gay
Its wings of starry gold !
And see ! it lightly flies away
Beyond my gentle hold.

“ O mother, now I know full well,
If God that worm can change,
And draw it from this broken cell,
On golden wings to range, —

“ How beautiful will brother be,
When God shall give him wings,
Above this dying world to flee,
And live with heavenly things ! ”

lies	cāse'ment	Al-mīgh'ty ¹	fūt'ure ³
wīth'ered	cēll	ə-gain' ²	pōw'er
dȳ'ing	chrȳs'ə-līs	bē-yōnd'	ə-bōve'

¹ Pron. āl-mī'tē.

² ə-ġēn'.

³ fūt'yūr.

LXXVIII.—THE HEEDLESS GIRL.

ELIZA BARLOW was an amiable little girl. She was kind and gentle; and had a great many other good and agreeable qualities; but she had one great fault that made her very troublesome to her friends. This fault was thoughtlessness.

She did not remember what was said to her, because she seldom paid attention. "O, dear, I quite forgot it!" or, "O, dear, I did not think of what I was doing!" was her perpetual excuse for every wrong thing she did, or every right thing that she omitted.

When she had a task of any kind to do, she would sit down with the intention of doing her best; but if she heard a noise out of doors, or if a butterfly came in at the window, or the most trifling interruption occurred, her task was thought of no more, and her customary "O, dear, I quite forgot it!" was her excuse.

Her mother bore with her fault, in the hope that time and reflection would cure her of it. But time seemed to pass with less advantage to her than to most children; and as to reflection, she had not, at eight years old, any idea of what it was.

She was as heedless as ever, and more vexatious, because she was at an age when some degree of thoughtfulness might have been fairly expected from her.

She was once invited to a pleasant party. It was in the early part of June, when Nature puts on her fresh dress of beauty, and the meadows and hedges are decked with flowers.

The whole party consisted of little girls, and it was proposed that they should amuse themselves before dinner with gathering cowslips and other flowers.

The little girls, full of glee and spirits, went out, each with a little basket, towards the meadows. As they were running off, Mr. Moreland called after them, to bid them beware of the pond at the bottom of the hill-field.

"O, we will take care and not go near it," was echoed in answer by many voices, and by Eliza's among the rest.

This hill-field was at some little distance from the house, and lay on the sloping side of a hill. It was sheltered from the north by trees, and lay open to the sun on the south; and here, particularly at the upper part of the field, the cowslips were finer and more abundant than any where else. And here the little girls ran about like so many bees roving from flower to flower.

At last Eliza saw, at the bottom of the field, a great number of broad, green leaves, as large and as flat as plates, covering, as she thought, the ground. "Ah," said she, "what curious leaves! I will just run down the hill, and gather one of them."

She forgot the pond, and Mr. Moreland's caution, and her own promise not to go near it; and she did

not know that these leaves were the leaves of the water lily. Her companions saw her run off, and called after her to remember the pond.

She heard their voices, but did not distinguish what they said : she thought that she would stop to listen to them when she had gathered her leaf, and therefore only ran the faster.

When she got near the bottom of the hill, she saw the water, and was aware of her danger ; but, though she was aware of it, she could not now avoid it. She was running at full speed, and had not the power of stopping herself, till she was knee-deep in the pond.

The other children, who had watched her in terror, ran screaming about, not knowing what was to be done, and were quite bereft of their senses by fright.

Eliza's cousin, Margaret, was the first to recover her recollection, and told the rest of the children to run with all speed to the house for help, while she would go down to the pond to see if she could render any assistance.

In the mean time, Eliza felt herself sinking and sinking in the soft, muddy bottom, and kept grasping at weeds and water plants for support. But all these, one after another, gave way ; and by the time Margaret reached the pond, she had sunk in so far, that the water was up to her shoulders.

Margaret, who was about ten years old, and a girl of uncommon sense and thoughtfulness, the very reverse of Eliza, saw that, unless something could

be done, her cousin must be drowned before assistance could come from the house.

Luckily, she had on a long silk sash, which she untied, and, making a noose, threw it over Eliza's head, and told her to pass it under her arms in the manner of a child's leading strings. Margaret kept fast hold of the two ends, and by this means prevented her cousin from sinking any deeper, and also enabled her to catch hold of a bush, which grew at the edge of the bank.

But Margaret's strength was hardly equal to the weight which she had to sustain; and, the sides of the pond being wet and slippery, she had much difficulty in keeping her footing. Indeed, she only did so by standing ankle-deep in water in a hole, the sides of which were some support for her.

In this manner, however, she held up Eliza, till her strength nearly gave way, and she feared that every instant she should be obliged to let go the sash. The appearance of a man running towards them, gave her resolution and strength to hold on till he got up to her.

The children had fortunately met this man half way between the field and the house; otherwise both Eliza and Margaret must have been exhausted before any help could have come to them.

They were not, either of them, in the end, much the worse for the adventure; but Eliza was obliged to spend the rest of the day in bed, instead of enjoying herself with her young friends; and her companions had suffered so much agitation and alarm, that none of them had any spirits for play.

ā'mi-ā-ble	qual'i-ties ¹	səl'dom	o-mīt'ted
trī'fling	oc-curred'	ad-vān'tage	bə-ware'
vex-ā'tious	ūp'per	ā-būn'dant	lī'y
bə-rēft'	fört'u-nate-ly	ā-grēē'ā-ble	in-tēn'tion
pər-pēt'u-āl	grāsp'ing	līs'ten ²	nôôse
ī-dē'ā	cūs'tom-ā-ry	in-vīt'ed	slōp'ing
fī'nēr	ūn-cōm'mon	tēr'rōr	cū'ri-ōus

LXXIX.—OBEDIENCE TO PARENTS.

Two little girls, named Emily and Frances, lived very near to each other. They were cousins; but they loved each other almost as well as sisters.

Both of them loved to do as their parents wished; and they were neat, orderly, and industrious. They also loved their books, and were always in season with their lessons at school.

Their teachers said that Emily and Frances were always obedient, and were very studious; and the clergyman noticed that they were silent and serious when they were at church.

Their good behavior gave great comfort to their parents; and nothing else made Emily and Frances so happy as to see that their parents were satisfied with their conduct.

There was another little girl, called Jane, who lived but a short distance from Emily and Frances.

¹ Pron. kwōl'q-tiz. ² lī'sən.

She was not like them, but was full of sly tricks, and loved mischief, and did not obey her father and mother.

Jane was never happy ; and, if she saw others happy, she loved to disturb them. Wicked persons are very apt to be envious ; they are displeased when they see others enjoy the blessings which are given them.

One fine afternoon in the summer, when there was no school, Emily and Frances had leave to take their dolls and some other playthings, and sit under a shady tree, a little way from the house.

Their mothers told them to keep still in the shade, as the heat was very great. They were also told not to go farther than the great tree, for there might be a shower ; and if they were far from the house, they might get wet, and be sick.

Emily and Frances had not long been at play, when Jane came up to them, and asked what they were doing. They answered her pleasantly and kindly ; but she said, "It is silly to sit under this tree ; come with me into the forest, and you will have a good time, picking flowers and berries."

They told Jane what their parents had said, and asked her to stay and play with them ; but she refused. She said her mother had told her the same thing, but that she knew it never rained when the sun shone so bright.

Frances said that she should not think Jane would speak so, if she remembered the commandment, "Honor thy father and thy mother." Jane

said she did not remember it, and did not care for it. She then went away into the wood.

Jane had not long been gone before some black clouds arose in the north-west. They were soon overhead, and the lightning flashed from them, and the thunder was fearfully loud. The birds flew about, as though greatly alarmed, and hid under the shed, and in the barns; and the cattle ran about the fields, as if filled with terror. Birds and beasts seem to know when a storm is coming, and what kind of a storm it will be, much better than men.

Emily and Frances hastened home, and had just reached their houses when the wind blew and whirled furiously, and the rain came down in torrents. Large hailstones also fell, and beat down the grass and grain, and broke the windows which were not covered with blinds.

These good girls were then very thankful that they were safe at home; but they thought of Jane, and of her poor mother. They told their parents all that Jane had said and done; and as soon as any one could safely go out, a man was sent to tell her father and mother where she was.

Her father went into the wood, and looked a great while for her. At length he found her, with her clothes completely wet, and her head, and neck, and arms sadly bruised by the hail. She was sitting under a tree, and was so beaten and frightened that she did not try to move.

When her father brought her home, her mother

did all that she could to prevent her taking cold ; but the girl had been so long wet with the rain, that she was very much chilled. The next day she was quite sick.

For several weeks it was not thought that Jane would ever be well again. But at length she grew better ; and then she told her mother that she should try to be a good child.

Jane kept her promise ; but it was a long time before she found it easy to do right. When she had learned to fear the Lord, and to honor her father and mother, she was very happy.

couſ'ing ¹	sēa'ſon	sē'rī-oſs	ēn'vī-oſs
shā'dy	sīl'ly	fēar'fūl-ly	brūised
cōm-plēte'ly	prōm'ise	clēr'gy-mān	bē-hā'vior ²
in-dŭs'tri-oſs	blēss'ingſ	shōw'er	light'ning ³
whirled	sāfe'ly	chilled	time

LXXX.—THE LITTLE PHILOSOPHER.

MR. LORING was one morning riding on horse-back, when, dismounting to gather a beautiful flower in the hedge, his horse galloped away from him. A little boy, in a field near by, ran across where the road made a turn, and, getting before the horse, took him by the bridle, and held

¹ Pron. kŭs'ans. ² bē-hāv'yŭr. ³ lt'ning.

him till his owner came up. Mr. Loring looked at the boy, and admired his ruddy, cheerful countenance. "I thank you," said he. "You have caught my horse, and I will pay you for your trouble."

"I want nothing, sir," said the boy.

Mr. L. So much the better for you. Few men can say as much. What is your name?

"Thomas Hurdle, junior," said the boy.

Mr. L. What were you doing in the field?

Thomas. I was pulling up weeds, and tending the sheep that are feeding on the turnips.

Mr. L. And do you like this employment?

Thomas. Yes, very well, this fine weather.

Mr. L. But had you not rather play?

Thomas. This is not hard work; it is almost as good as play.

Mr. L. Who set you to work?

Thomas. My father, sir.

Mr. L. Where does he live?

Thomas. Just by, among the trees, there.

Mr. L. What is his name?

Thomas. Thomas Hurdle.

Mr. L. How old are you?

Thomas. I shall be eight next month.

Mr. L. How long have you been out, in this field?

Thomas. Ever since six in the morning.

Mr. L. And are not you hungry?

Thomas. Yes, sir; I shall go to my dinner soon.

Mr. L. If you had a dime now, what would you do with it?

Thomas. I do not know. I never had so much money in my life.

Mr. L. Have you no playthings?

Thomas. Playthings! what are those?

Mr. L. Such as balls, ninepins, marbles, tops, and wooden horses.

Thomas. No, sir; but my brother makes foot-balls to kick in the cold weather; and then I have a jumping pole and a pair of stilts to walk through the dirt with. I had a hoop, but it is broken.

Mr. L. And do you want nothing else?

Thomas. No, sir. I have hardly time to play with what I have; for I always ride the horses to the field, and bring up the cows, and run to the town of errands, and that is as good as play, you know.

Mr. L. But you could buy apples or gingerbread at the town, I suppose, if you had money.

Thomas. I can get apples at home; and as for gingerbread, I do not want it, for my mother gives me a pie now and then, and that is as good.

Mr. L. Would not you like a knife to cut sticks?

Thomas. I have one; here it is; my brother gave it to me.

Mr. L. Your shoes are full of holes. Should you like a better pair?

Thomas. I have a better pair for Sundays.

Mr. L. But these let in water.

Thomas. I do not care for that.

Mr. L. Your hat is all torn, too.

Thomas. I have a better one at home ; but I had as lief have none at all, for it hurts my head.

Mr. L. What do you do when it rains ?

Thomas. If it rains very hard, I get under the hedge till it is over.

Mr. L. What do you do when you are hungry, before it is time to go home ?

Thomas. I sometimes eat a raw turnip.

Mr. L. But if there are none ?

Thomas. Then I do as well as I can ; I work on, and never think of it.

Mr. L. Are you not dry sometimes this hot weather ?

Thomas. Yes ; but there is water enough.

Mr. L. Why, my little fellow, you are quite a philosopher !

Thomas. Sir ?

Mr. L. I say that you are quite a philosopher ; but I am sure that you do not know what that means.

Thomas. No, sir, I do not ; but no harm, I hope.

Mr. L. No, it does not. Well, you seem to want nothing ; so I shall not give you money to make you want any thing. But were you ever at school ?

Thomas. No, sir ; but father says I shall go after harvest.

Mr. L. You will want books then.

Thomas. Yes ; the boys all have a Spelling Book and a Testament.

Mr. L. Well, then, I will give them to you, because you are a very good boy ; and when you go to school, you must make good use of them.

phi-lôs'ô-phêr¹ gâl'loped câught pûll'ing
 em-plöy'ment êr'rands Sûn'days jûn'ior²
 Tës'tâ-mënt cöûn'te-nânce tür'nips wood'en³
 diç-möûnt'ing gîn'ger-brëad här'vest äp'ples

 LXXXI.—THE DISOBEDIENT BOY.

"MAY I go up to the barn, mother, and take Ranger with me, to see the kittens?" said little Arthur Cushing to his mother. "I do not think he will hurt them."

Arthur was a bright, active boy of seven years, who passed most of the pleasant days in summer with his dog, Ranger, playing about the grounds adjoining his father's house; for Arthur had never been to school.

He liked very much to play upon the hay in the barn; but since the cat had made it the home of her family, and lodged her three little kittens there, his mother did not allow him to go there without her permission. She replied to him now that he might go for a little while, if he would only look at the kittens, and not handle them; but he must not take Ranger, for he would frighten the cat, and perhaps bite her.

Arthur was sorry that Ranger could not go; but as he knew that it was useless to tease his mother

¹ Pron. fê-lôs'ô-fêr. ² jûn'yûr. ³ wûd'dîn.

when she had once decided a question, he said no more, but started off quite happy.

The path to the barn led by Ranger's kennel; and as Arthur passed along and saw his favorite dog dozing in the sunshine, he could not resist the inclination to stop a moment and pat him on the head. He told him where he was going, and that he should take him with him if mother would only let him. The dog pricked up his ears as if he understood the whole matter, and, when Arthur went on, followed, crouching close behind him.

Arthur knew that the dog was following, and told him, once or twice, to go back; but though he spoke the words, he was naughty enough to feel pleased that Ranger was with him. He went to the barn instead of turning back, as he ought to have done. "I have told him not to go," he said aloud; "and if he keeps with me now, I cannot help it. I have tried to obey my mother."

Arthur knew that he did not speak the truth, and that he had not really done all in his power to obey his mother.

They found the kittens alone, for the cat was away watching for a mouse to take to her little ones. She little knew what company her family was receiving at home during her absence.

Arthur was greatly amused to see the kittens put up their backs and seem so angry, just because old Ranger, as he called him, was looking at them; and when the dog growled and showed his teeth in return for their unfriendly greeting, Arthur thought



it was real fun, and laughed aloud. But the cat, hearing the noise, hastened home to see what was the matter, and arrived just as the dog was in the act of seizing the largest kitten that stood out foremost in defence of her home and sisters.

Ranger had received several severe scratches about his head before he knew whence they came, for the cat had approached unperceived by the whole party. Howling with pain, the dog rushed blindly against Arthur, who was thrown backwards through an open stairway to the floor below.

Arthur's mother heard his cries, and hastened to his assistance. She was greatly alarmed to find her little boy lying at the foot of the stairs with his face covered with blood ; but, on reaching home, she discovered that he was not much hurt.

Arthur had often been told the danger of disobedience; but he could not always resist temptation. He now resolved to obey his parents, and has since become a very good boy.

Ar'thur ¹	plāy'ing	per-mis'sion	sōr'ry
de-cīd'ed	kēn'nel	in-clī-nā'tion	āb'sence
fōl'low'ing	nāugh'ty ²	grōw'led	sēiz'ing
se-vēre'	āc'tive	lōd'ged	per-hāps'
tēase	quēstion	crōūch'ing	dōz'ing
rē'al-ly	ā-mūsed'	ūn-friēnd'ly	twice
scrātch'es	stāir'wāy	re-sōlved'	de-fēnce'
grēēt'ing	fōre'mōst	hēard	hōme

LXXXII.—TO A ROBIN.

SWEETEST songster of the grove,
 Little darling robin, come;
 Hasten from the lonely wood,
 Make this cherry tree thy home.

Just between these parting boughs
 Build thy warm and downy nest;
 Never was there prettier spot
 For a little bird to rest.

When the day begins to dawn,
 Go and sit upon the spray,

¹ Pron. Ar'thur. ² nāw'te.

And wake me, robin, from my sleep,
With thy merriest morning lay.

When my breakfast is prepared,
I will pay thee for thy song ;
Half my bread thou shalt divide
Thy dear family among.

And when round thy quiet nest
The cherries hang so ripe and sweet,
Robin, thou shalt have them all
For thy little ones to eat.

No rude boy, in wanton sport,
Shall thy eggs or nestlings take ;
For I will guard this cherry tree,
Gentle robin, for thy sake.

chěr'ry	döwn'y	měr'ri-ěst	fām'i-ly
něst'lings	bę-twēēn'	pret'ti-ęr ¹	guārd ²
prę-pared'	chěr'ries	dị-vide'	röünd

LXXXIII.—THE NEW-YEAR'S GIFT.

JULIA BROWN had always been a good-natured, quiet child, until she was about seven years old ; and then she acquired a habit of being sulky and ill humored when any thing displeased her.

¹ Pron. prít'tę-ęr. ² gārd.

Sometimes it happened that Julia wanted to go into the garden and play, just at the time that her mother wanted her to mark some towels, or mend a hole in a stocking for one of her little brothers.

As soon as her mother gave Julia the stocking to mend, or the towel to mark, she would begin to look so cross and dull that no one could bear to see her. She would go and sit with the work in a corner of the room, put down her head, and, if any one came into the room and spoke to her, she would hang her head still lower, and return no answer.

Her mother, who loved her dearly, was ashamed to see her behave so ill, because she knew that no good person will ever love an ill-tempered child, and that bad, ill-tempered children scarcely ever make good men and women. Julia's mother used to think of all this until it sometimes made her weep.

It was a custom with Julia's mother to make a great many presents to her children and their little playfellows on the evening of New-Year's Day.

The end of the year drew nigh, and Julia began to be afraid that she should have no present; for she was a sensible child, and knew that she did not deserve to have any thing given to her.

But, about that time, Julia's mother went often into a back parlor, and, when she came out, she always locked the door, and put the key in her pocket. One day Julia asked her mother why she went into the back parlor, and always locked the door as soon as she came out.

"I have something to do there alone," answered her mother. "You will know on New-Year's Day."

Poor Julia was afraid to ask any more questions. She thought her mother intended to punish her on that day for all her misbehavior, and yet Julia could not help sometimes being sulky and cross, though she thought, every time she had been in an ill humor, she would never be so again.

At last New-Year's Day came, and Julia's brothers and sisters were quite merry and pleased, and talked a great deal to each other. "I wonder," said Henry, "what I shall have given to me this evening. I think my present will be a very fine one; for last year I had no present, because I was so wicked as to pinch little sister for taking away one of my playthings; and mother said if I were good all the year, I should have something pretty to make up for it. And I have been as good as I could be ever since."

The children went on talking in this manner for some time; but Julia was obliged to be silent, for she did not like to say to her brothers and sisters that she should have no present.

As soon as dinner was over, all the invited children began to come. They were all pleased, and played in such a pretty manner, that Julia quite forgot to be sulky the whole day.

When Julia's mother went into the room where the children were playing, and saw Julia smiling, or went by the door, and heard their cheerful

voices talking and laughing, she was quite happy ; for nothing can give greater joy to a mother than to see her children good and happy.

When Julia's mother saw that her daughter had neither been sulky nor obstinate all day, nor quarrelled with any of the children, she began to hope that Julia had resolved never to be naughty again. "And then," said the good mother to herself, "I shall have none but good children."

As soon as tea was over, Julia's mother rose from the table and went out ; and soon after Julia's father came in, and said, "Come, children, we will go into the back parlor, and see why mother does not come with the presents."

"We must not go there, father," said Henry, "for mother has something there that we are not to see."

"O, yes," said the father, "now you may all see."

All the children, except Julia, began to jump and run, and were trying to see who could be first at the door of the parlor. But their father told them that they must enter the room in an orderly manner, for there the presents were to be delivered.

As soon as the door of the parlor was opened, the children were so surprised at what they saw that they hardly knew where they were. Directly opposite to the door stood a large table, covered with a green cloth. In the middle of the table there was a green tree ; on some of the branches of the tree there hung a great many little lamps, of different colors ; some were yellow, and some blue.

On the other branches of the tree hung little

baskets, full of oranges, apples, biscuits, raisins, dried currants and cherries; but there was not any confectionery in the baskets, for Julia's mother never let her children eat confectionery, believing that it was quite unhealthy.

The table, on which the tree stood, was covered all over with toys and playthings of different sorts. There were little horses, and carts, and chaises, and tops for the boys; and there were dolls, and tea-things, and bells, and balls, and other things for the girls.

All the children jumped about, and clapped their hands with joy; and they stood all round the table, looking at the pretty lamps that hung in the tree, and at the nice things in the little baskets, and at the playthings on the table; and then they looked at each other. And every one of those children was pleased to see how happy the others were; and, as they stood round the table, they said to each other, "O, what a fine horse!" "O, what a fine doll!" "O, what a parcel of nice things in the baskets!"

But not one of the children offered to touch or to take any thing; but waited till Mrs. Brown called each child to her, and gave to each one the plaything which she thought most proper.

Nearly all the playthings were given away, when Mrs. Brown said to her little daughter, "Come here, Julia, and see what is in that little basket." Julia lifted up a white napkin, which covered the basket, and there lay a beautiful wax doll, dressed

like a little lady, with a fine muslin frock on, and a bonnet trimmed with lace.

"Read what is written on the paper, which the doll holds in its hand," said her mother.

Julia then read, "This doll is to reward a good little girl, who is never sulky, nor idle, nor cross, but who always tries to be as good as she can."

She was going to lay the doll down; tears came in her eyes, and her face blushed with shame. Mrs. Brown was sorry to see her little girl feel so much pain, but she hoped Julia would be the better for it afterwards. She asked Julia for whom she thought the doll was intended.

"I think it is for my sister," said Julia.

"Then give it to her," said the mother.

Julia handed the doll to her sister, and thought if she had been as good a girl, she would have had just such a one. "But," said Julia to her sister, "you will let me sometimes play with your pretty doll; I will take care not to break it."

"That I will," said Augusta; "you may play with it every day if you like."

"Now," said Mrs. Brown, "come and look once more into the basket; it is not yet empty."

Julia saw something else covered with a white napkin. She lifted up the napkin, and there lay just such another wax doll, dressed very prettily, but a little different from Augusta's. "Take the doll out, and read what is written on the paper, which it holds in its hand," said her mother.

Julia read, "This doll is for a little girl, who

knows she has been naughty, but who will try never to be so again." Julia hugged the doll close to her bosom, and, throwing herself into her mother's arms, said, "This doll is for me, dear mother. I am the little girl who has been naughty; but I will try and never be naughty again."

Julia kept her word, and was hardly ever sulky afterwards.

ac-quired'	tōw'elə	wom'en ⁴	in-tēnd'əd
ill-tēmp'ered	cūs'təm	nigh	ōb'sti-nāte
mīs-be-hāv'ior ¹	Jūl'ia ³	prēs'ents	bīs'cuits ⁵
cūr'rants	clāpped	ūn-hēalth'y	whôm
de-sērve'	sūl'ky	de-liv'ered	smīl'ing
quar'relled ²	rāi'sinə	chāis'ēs	hūgged
trimmed	gō'ing	nāp'kin	fāce

LXXXIV.—THE IMPATIENT GIRL.

"THEY will not come to-night, I know they will not come," said Mary to her mother. "O, yes, they will, my dear," replied her mother; "it is not late yet."

Mary was expecting some little girls to come and play with her; and she was not so patient as a good little girl should be, when her mother is kind enough to invite her friends. A minute or two

¹ Pron. mīs-be-hāv'yor. ² kwō'r'eld. ³ jūl'ya. ⁴ wīm'en. ⁵ bis'kīts.

after, she said again, "Mother, I am sure they will not come. The sun has gone away from the last paving stone in the yard. I know they will not come."

"If you are so fretful, I shall not invite your friends to come and see you again," said her mother. "I do not think that I am fretful," said Mary; "but I do wish they would come."

While Mary said this, she was dressing a large wax doll; and she had been in great trouble, for fear it would not be dressed before the little girls came. Her aunt Sarah had made a pretty robe of white muslin for the doll, and Mary wished very much to put it on.

The robe was too short, and her mother told her she had better rip the wide hem very carefully, and make a narrower one. Julia began very well; but there was a knot in the thread, and she would not wait for her mother's advice. She took a pin, and pulled upon the knotty stitch, with all her strength. She tore the muslin badly, and then she began to cry and fret about it.

"If you had been slow and careful, you would not have spoiled that pretty robe," said her mother. "I wish my daughter would learn to be more patient."

Before Julia could find another gown for her doll, two of the little girls came. She was so impatient to see them, that she flung the doll down in her little brother's chair, and ran to take off their bonnets and shawls.

When her brother heard the bell ring, he wanted to climb in his chair, to look out of the window. He stepped on the doll, and broke it to pieces; and when Mary came back, she found the doll's face all smashed, and the pretty black eyes rolling on the floor. She cried with vexation, and began to make loud complaints of George.

But her mother said, "Your brother is not to blame. He is a very little boy, and he did not know the doll was in his chair. You should never be in such a hurry, that you do not mind where you throw your playthings."

More little girls came soon. When they saw the pieces of the doll, they all said that it was a great pity such a beautiful thing had been thrown down so carelessly. They all went into the parlor, and began to play hide-and-go-seek. They enjoyed this very well for a short time; but Mary soon began to grow impatient.

When she was blinded, she would open one eye a little, so that she could see where the handkerchief was hidden. If the little girls did not find it very quickly, she would tell them where it was. Her playmates said there was no pleasure in this; and they would not play hide-and-go-seek any longer.

Some of the girls were quite discontented, and wanted to go home. Mary went crying to her mother, and said, "My company want to go home. What shall I do?"

Her mother went to inquire what was the matter; and the children said, "We cannot play any thing.

Mary spoils all our fun." The mother said, "My little daughter wishes to make you all happy; and I think she will try not to be impatient any more."

Mary promised that she would; and they all began to play hunt-the-thimble. But when little girls allow themselves to form a bad habit, it is not easy to leave it off all at once.

After a while, Mary forgot her promise. If she knew what little girl had the thimble, she would call out, "I know where it is: somebody with a blue sash has got it." When the children found that she would not wait for her turn, they said that they did not wish to play so; and they gave it all up.

They went home early, and said to one another, "Mary showed us many pretty things, and we began many pleasant plays; but she spoiled every thing by being so impatient."

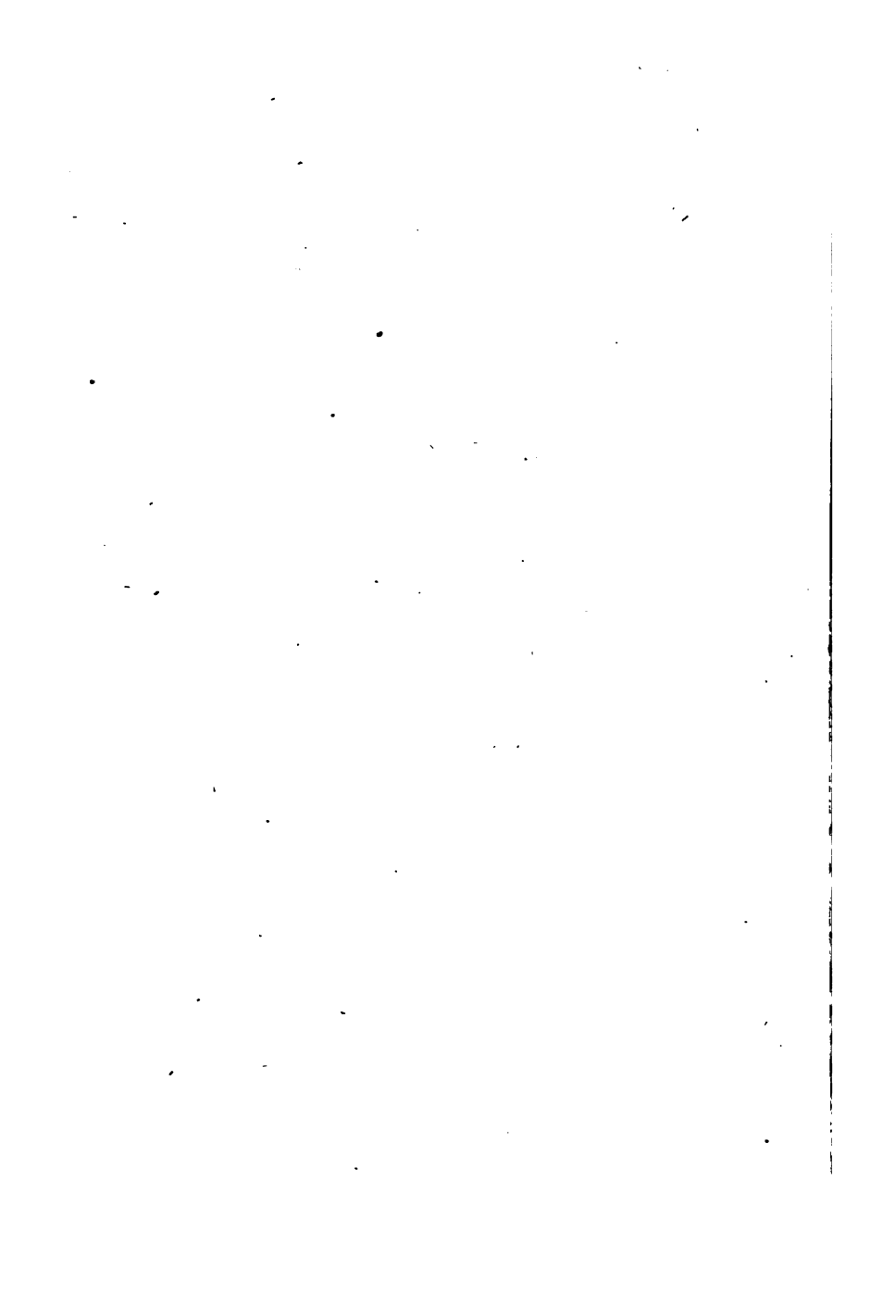
Mary's mother talked very seriously with her. "My little daughter," said she, "do you not see that you make yourself disagreeable, and every body else uncomfortable, by always being so impatient?"

"Yes, indeed, I do," said Mary, wiping her eyes. "I anticipated great pleasure in this party; but I have not been happy at all. Hereafter I will try to do as you tell me. When you tell me to wait, I will be as patient as I can; and when my little playmates come to see me again, I will try not to break up their plays by my impatience. O mother, do you think I shall ever be a patient little girl?"

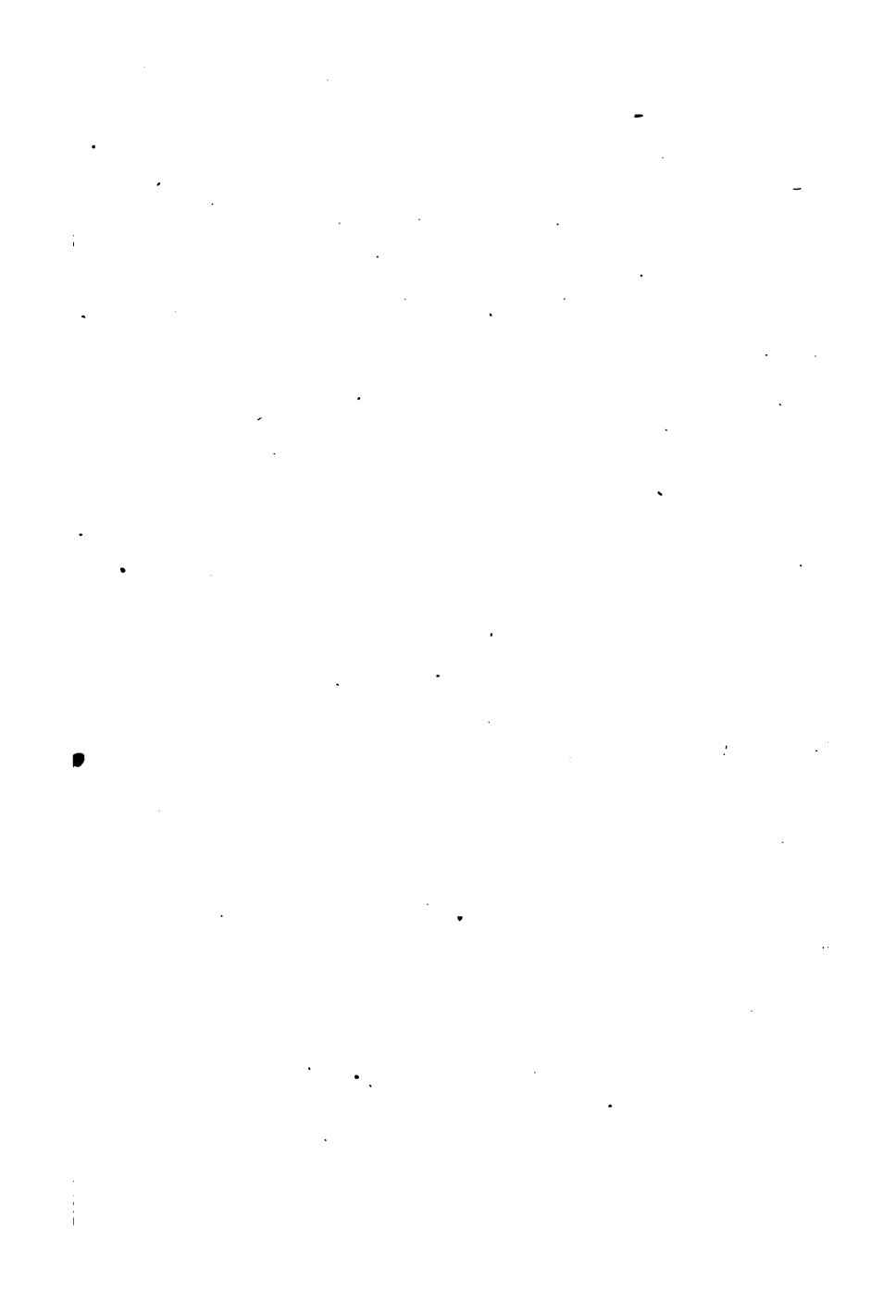
Her mother told her that she felt quite sure she would be, if she would only try.

im-pă'tient ¹	păv'ing	nă'r-ow-er	thrëad
căre'fûl-ly	stitch	côm-plāints'	knôt
sē'ri-ous-ly	frēt'fûl	ex-pëct'ing	hëm
im-pă'tience	knôt'ty ³	strëngth	quïte
prôm'ised ²	brëak	crÿ'ing	wip'ing

¹ Pron. im-pă'shent. ² prôm'ist. ³ nôt'ty.









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